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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE DESTINY OF THE SLAVE STATES.

To the Southern Standard:

WE are at a critical juncture in public affairs. The world is moving forward with enterprise and progress such as has never before been conceived of. Near $200,000,000 are being added annually to the gold currency of the world. The whole resources of Australia, California, and China, are just about to be thrown open. In China, 300,000,000 people, with more accumulated capital and wealth than any one people have ever possessed, have been heretofore locked up from the rest of mankind. The treaties made with England, France, and the United States, a few years ago, have broken the chain with which they have surrounded themselves. This, together with the rebellion now in progress, will unfold the resources of that mighty empire, and produce a change in the distribution of wealth, equal to that produced by the discovery of America upon Spain and Europe. Where is all this vast trade and accumulation in gold to pass through the channels of commerce into the exchanges of the world? It must concentrate upon the Pacific coast, and force its way across the Isthmus of Panama into the Gulf of Mexico, and thence into the Atlantic, that great reservoir basin for the civilized nations of the earth. The Atlantic will be to the world what the Mediterranean was to the then known world, under the reign of the Antonines in Rome. Again, the Gulf of Mexico lies between the great region drained by the Amazon on one side, and the Mississippi on the other. These are the two greatest valleys upon the face of the earth, and capable of the greatest productions. It is not saying too much to say that, if properly developed, they are capable of producing what is produced at present by the whole civilized world. The former is almost in a state of nature, and the latter is not yet half developed. The whole country between these two mighty rivers presents the most wonderful region now to be settled up by the genius and enterprise of man. In the progress of the next fifty years, the commerce and trade that must concentrate upon the Gulf of Mexico will far exceed anything that man has heretofore dreamed of in his widest imagination. The island of Cuba, from its central position, and its great port of Havana, is the key to all this. The nation that holds Cuba will hold control over the commerce and wealth of this new world.

It is not saying too much to say that if we hold Cuba, in the next fifty years we will hold the destiny of the richest and most increasing commerce that has ever dazzled the cupidity of man. And with that commerce we can control the power of the world. Give us this, and we can make the public opinion of the world. These two great valleys of the Amazon and the Mississippi are now possessed by the two governments of the earth most deeply interested in African Slavery—Brazil and the United States. Cast your eye over the map, and see their vast capacity for production. While the Mississippi, with its tributaries, can carry to market more of the necessaries and breadstuffs of life than any portion of the habitable globe, the Amazon can float the wealth of nations upon its surface in the productions of tropics—the whole intermediate countries between these two great valleys, including the West India islands, is a region, under the plastic hand of a beneficent Providence, teeming with the fatness of nature's richest and most luxurious productions. It is at present but in its infancy, and as to capacity to produce is, as it were, unknown to the world. Most of it has slumbered for ages in solitary grandeur. How is it to be developed? Think you that the Caucasian race can stand to toil and labour under the burning rays of its tropical sun, and sleep in vigour and prosperity under the miasma of its exuberant and mighty plains and swamps? No! its resources are to be finally and fully developed by that race which God, in his mercy, formed and created for just such regions. Providence lots off the earth to its appropriate races. The camel loves the arid air of Arabia, and the reindeer loves the frozen hills of Lapland. So, in like manner, the black man loves to breathe the humid air of his native swamps, while the white man exults and bounds in the elastic air of his native hills. Where you can combine the administrative governing qualities of the one race together with the patient endurance and physical capacity for low latitudes of the other, you have that perfect system by which the vast tropical regions of the earth may be developed. Whilst the labouring strata of society is occupied by one race suited to its exposures, give the other race such a position as will enable them to preserve themselves from those daily and exhausting exposures, under which the white race will sink in the tropics. Puling and sickly philanthropy may preach a different doctrine, but, if practised, it will forever consign to a barbarian wilderness some of the fairest portions of the world.

Witness the miserable experiments made by the English and French in the West Indies. Twenty-five years ago, where we saw cultivation bringing forth wealth and refinement, with all the elegance of polished life, we see vagrant labour stalking through a desolate land, with hungry and brutal ferocity. This experiment of West India emancipation is worth a thousand theories, and is fast enlightening the reflecting part of mankind. England feels, in its consequences, her folly. Everything has taken place exactly as the Duke of Wellington predicted it would, in his clear and manly speech against the act of emancipation at the time.

The African race, under a system of domestic servitude, tempered by the principles of Christianity, are themselves raised and benefitted in the scale of civilization. The great mass of the poor and needy in all portions of the colder and less prolific latitudes require for their comfort sugar, coffee, rice and cotton, and the luxurious productions of tropical regions. When they exchange their labour for these products at cheap prices, it tends to raise them, too, in the scale of civilization, by administering to their wants and comforts, and thus tempting them to industry and enterprise, in order that they may be able to enjoy the advantages of various climates. This system acts and reacts upon the different branches of the human family, so as mutually to benefit and bless all by diffusing more equally the comforts of life. Hence it is that the productions of slave labour, in the shape of cotton, by which an abundant and cheap article, for clothing the poor and the needy, has done more to elevate the great masses, and spread civilization to the lower ranks of society, than all the other causes put together in modern times. So now, if the noble regions to which I have alluded above were reduced to systematic culture by African labour, governed by the energy and intelligence of the white man, they would more than quadruple the present productions of the comforts and luxuries of life, to diffuse them amongst the poor and needy of the higher latitudes of the earth, and thus mutually benefit and bless both regions. This is the true progress of civilization. And it is thus that Providence ever works upon the destinies of men. Apparent evils are the greatest blessings. It is by war you conquer a barbarian race, and by Slavery you reduce them to labour and the arts of civilized life. Slavery and war have thus been the two great forerunners of civilization. This modern crusade and pharisaical declamation against domestic servitude will run out, as did the fanatical crusades of old, and society will again resume its reason and common sense, as the best guides in the practical affairs of life.

If we have wisdom and enlightened statesmanship to direct our country, we can turn back the tide, and, by successful and triumphant experiment, make a public opinion for modern times.

Everything is at present on a most critical turn in Europe. The Emperor of the French stands upon a mine that may explode any day. A convulsion there, or in Turkey, would shake the world.

The true policy of our Government, at present, is to stand still, but be prepared to strike, if it can be done successfully. If Europe is thrown into confusion, all American affairs will inevitably fall under our entire control. We must do nothing to hasten events. Time is doing its work for us more triumphantly than ever the Roman eagles did for Rome, in her proudest and palmiest days.

A general rupture in Europe would force upon us the undisputed sway of the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, with all their rich and mighty productions. Guided by our genius and enterprise, a new world would rise there, as it did before, under the genius of Columbus. With Cuba and St. Domingo, we could control the productions of the tropics, and, with them, the commerce of the world, and, with that, the power of the world.

Our true policy is to look to Brazil as the next great slave power and as the government that is to direct or license the development of the country drained by the Amazon. Instead of courting England, we should look to Brazil and the West Indies. The time will come when a treaty of commerce and alliance with Brazil will give us the control over the Gulf of Mexico, and its border countries, together with the islands, and the consequences of this will place African Slavery beyond the reach of fanaticism at home or abroad. These two great slave powers now hold more undeveloped territory than any two other governments, and they ought to guard and strengthen their mutual interests by acting together in strict harmony and concert. Considering our vast resources, and the mighty commerce that is about to expand upon the bosom of the two countries, if we act together by treaty, we can not only preserve domestic servitude, but we can defy the power of the world. With firmness and judgment, we can open up the African slave emigration again—to people the noble region of the tropics. We can boldly defend this upon the most enlarged system of philanthropy. It is far better for the wild races of Africa themselves. Look at the three millions in the United States, who have had the blessings not only of civilization, but of Christianity. Can any man pretend to say they would have been better off in the barbarian state of their native wilderness? And has not the attempt to suppress, by force, this emigration, increased the horrors of the "middle passage" tenfold? The good old Las Casas, in 1519, was the first to advise Spain to import Africans to her colonies, as a substitute for the poor Indians, who, from their peculiar nature, were totally unsuited to bear the labours of Slavery. Experience has shown his scheme was founded in wise and Christian philanthropy. Millions of the black men yet unborn will rise up to bless his benevolent memory. The time is coming when we will boldly defend this system of emigration before the world. The hypocritical cant and whining morality of the latter-day saints will die away before the majesty of commerce and the power of those vast productions which are to spring from the cultivation and full development of the mighty tropical regions in our own hemisphere. If it be mercy to give the grain growing sections of America to the poor and hungry of Europe, why not open up the tropics to the poor African? The one region is as eminently suited to them as the other is to the white race. There is as much philanthropy in the one as the other. We have been too long governed by psalm-singing schoolmasters from the North. It is time to think for ourselves.

The folly commenced in our government uniting with Great Britian to declare slave importation piracy. Piracy is a crime on the high seas, arising under the law of nations, and it is as well defined by those laws as murder is at common law. And for two nations to attempt to make that piracy which is not so under the law of nations is an absurdity. You might as well declare it burglary, or arson, or anything else. And we have ever since, by a joint fleet with Great Britain on the coast of Africa, been struggling to enforce this miserable blunder. The British Government now admit it to be folly. And if the great Sir William Scott were alive, and Lord Chancellor, he would pronounce it so likewise.

Mankind in masses are only taught by large experiments. On this subject, importations into Brazil and to Cuba, for the past thirty years, have taught us, and Emancipation in the West Indies is an open book, which all reflecting men are reading. England is attempting to recover her lost possessions by coolies and the apprentice system of whites and Chinese. It is Slavery in another form, and its subjects will perish under the experiment.

The world will fall back upon African labour, governed and owned in some shape or form by the white man, as it has always been. This is the only system which can reduce to thorough cultivation the mighty regions of the Amazon and the great tropical valleys of the Gulf of Mexico. The world will have to choose between that and its remaining an everlasting wilderness. Under African labour, properly owned, the poor and the needy of the more rigid climates of the earth will be enabled to receive and enjoy the comforts and the blessings of its necessary and luxurious productions. Under this system, the industrious but poor labourers of northern climates can be enabled to enjoy the coffee, rice, sugar, and cotton, for cheap clothes from regions where, if they were compelled to toil and work for it, under the burning rays of a tropical sun, they would sink and perish away. But England complains of the humanity of such a system! And this is that England, the iron heel of whose power has but recently crushed the Irishman into the dust of the earth upon his native soil, and whose gigantic and bloody footsteps upon the great plains of India have made whole empires groan and travail under the most heartless and grinding Slavery that the imagination of man has ever painted. Such complaint from such a quarter is the most arrant hypocrisy and sanctimonious impudence the world has ever witnessed.

And are we, a great people, moving forward in the progress of empire, to be duped by such canting sentimentality as this? If we are, then will we deserve to wear the yoke of England again. If she has lost the absolute sway of the sceptre over us, she can restore its power through her preaching and this mock humanity of her etherial and sublimated morality.

No! we have a higher destiny than this to fulfil. We, too, are in the hands of a superintending Providence, to work out the real regeneration of mankind.

The great Roman government fulfilled its purposes, and had its sway—and over its ruins Loyola and his Jesuit followers made a system of ethics and morals for the government of Europe. Then the wild theories of French philanthropy had their rise, and have died their death. We, too, have a glorious field before us. Whilst we throw off the corruptions of an established church on one side, and the wild profligacy of French philosophy on the other, we move steadily forward to develop those great ideas of practical liberty and sound philosophy that may be identified with the real wants and real necessities of every part of the habitable globe. Our career is to extend the blessings and comforts of life to the great masses, and thus to elevate them in the scale of civilization. Supply their wants and comforts, and you make them happy and virtuous.

Take the earth that God has given us, and, by industry and labour suited to it, make every portion of it bloom and blossom as a garden for the peace of man. But the objection is often urged, that there is danger in extending our territories, and adding new people in our progress. Whether for good or for evil, it is vain to oppose it. Our destiny is onward, and onward, until many more rich and prolific regions are to be wrapt under the broad folds of our national banner. The spread of our population and peculiar organization will be more rapid and triumphant than the conquests of the Roman eagles in their proudest day, or of the British lion upon the Burampoota or the Ganges. Cautious conservatism may declaim against it, but it will be of no avail. As well might you attempt to turn the angry wave of the Mississippi by stretching wicker work across it. In the future, the progress and acquisition of this republic is a fixed fact, beyond the reach of human power to arrest it. The great duty of the statesman is to direct it into proper channels, and let it flow on without a sudden eruption if possible.

I well recollect that, in 1835, Governor McDuffie, in his message to the Legislature, eloquently protested against the annexation of Texas to the Union, upon the ground that it would destroy the cotton growing interest of the Southern States. He seemed to forget that Texas was there, and could not be blotted off the map, and would be a cotton country at any rate. The great question was, whether we should control it or Great Britain should do so. So in like manner of Cuba and St. Domingo, and other regions; the question will now arise, whether they are to fall into other hands or under our control. The time will come that all the Islands and regions suited to African Slavery, between us and Brazil, will fall under the mutual control of these two great slave powers, in some shape or other, either by treaty or by actual possession of one government or the other. And the statesman who closes his eyes to these results has but a very small view of the great questions and interests that are looming up in the future.

In a few years there will be no investment for the two hundred millions, in the annual increase of gold on a large scale, so profitable and so necessary as the development and cultivation of the tropical regions, now slumbering in rank and wild luxuriance.

If the slaveholding race in these States are but true to themselves, they have a great destiny before them. Heretofore, the great difficulty in civilizing the barbarian races of the world has been to procure cheap and abundant clothing for them. A naked race must necessarily be a wild race. To Christianize or civilize a man, you must first clothe his nakedness. In the 3,000,000 of bags of cotton that slave labour annually throws upon the world for cheap and abundant clothing for the poor and naked, we are doing more to advance civilization and the refinement of life than all the psalm-singing and canting philanthropists of New or Old England will do in centuries. All we want is wisdom and thorough statesmanship to guide and direct us, and we may yet be a chosen people, for great and wise purposes.

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Selections.

"UNCLE TOM" AMONG THE BOWERY BOYS.

From the New York Daily Times.

THE galleries and boxes were crowded the other night, and the pit fairly filled, of the "National," to hear a new thing—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" dramatized. The third tier had the usual collection of sailors and "Short-boys," and the pit, though not so full as in Winter, when the boys come in for warmth and shelter, showed a very attentive audience of ragged, dirty lads—the representatives of that unknown multitude who swarm through the low streets and in the drinking-cellars of the great City—newsboys, baggage-smashers, candy-sellers, young factory-hands, chip-boys—children, often, who have no home, who know nothing of the Church and the School, who come to the Theatre as the only agreeable and cheerful place they can enter of an evening. The play opened with the appearance of *George Harris* and *Eliza* in their parting conversation. *George*, in default of not being a mulatto, is represented as very red in the face, and his wife is a very pretty white girl, obviously the favourite actress and the heroine of the play. The scene is not especially different from most plays, where lover and mistress part.

In the next, *Shelby* and the slave-trader bargain feebly about *Eliza's* child, who is also a little red-faced boy. We feared the whole play was to be represented in this wild manner, and the great point of it to be overlooked. But the next scene set it right; and with the original artistic intention of the story, came back the interest of the boys, who had not been applauding much thus far. *Eliza* goes by night to *Uncle Tom's* cabin to tell him that he is sold. *Aunt Chloe*, an old black woman, in night-gown, and with a candle, comes out and talks in a high, screeching voice, which at once sets the boys laughing. *Uncle Tom* is a strong, black, labouring man, with that accent which, in the theatre, is associated always with the comic. It seemed almost certain he could not be well given. He would either be a camp-meeting preacher, and overdo the matter, or he would be so ignorant as to make his religious sentiments ridiculous. In such a place as the "National," *Uncle Tom's* piety must be travestied.

His very first words, however, showed that a good hand had his part. The accent, a broad and natural negro accent, but the voice deep and earnest—so earnest, that the first laugh at his nigger words, from the pit, died away in deep stillness. "No," said he, "I can't run away. Let *her* go—it's her right! If I must be sold, le'b me sold—Mass'r allers found me on the spot. I nebber hab broke my trust, and nebber will. The Lord be wid you, poor thing!" and the old man blessed her.

In the next scene a new character appears, a mixture of several of MRS. STOWE'S, a long-haired, strong thundering Kentuckian, who is drinking hot whiskey in a tavern by the river, when *Eliza* rushes in, in panting flight with her child. This is the old favourite stage-character, and quite as much with the Bowery boys as with any. A rough, swearing, storming fellow with a real soft, good heart at bottom, who shoves *Eliza* unceremoniously into a small room, but will be "tetotally chawed up into ten thousand small pieces, if he ever lets any of them cussed nigger-catchers touch a hair of her head!" While he is there, the villain of the play comes in, a lawyer, who is helping to catch niggers—who, with the regular slave-traders, are painted, if possible, blacker than in the original. They catch a glimpse, at length, of *Eliza* through the windows, and rush out helter-skelter after her. The boys are now wrought up to the highest pitch—and when, finally, *Eliza* is seen with her child, sailing across a blue river on a piece of paste-board ice, and the slave-hunters are shivering and shaking their whips on the shore, one grand cheer goes up from pit and galleries.

There is another tavern now, with the Kentuckian chewing tobacco, and the nervous *Mr. Wilson*. They spy, at length, the notice on the walls, of "A Runaway Slave"—and the Kentuckian spits on it, with "That's what I think of that!" Whereat again the boys of the pit are convulsed with delight. *George Harris* now appears disguised, and holds his conversation with *Mr. Wilson*.

The audience are, by this time, well absorbed in it. Perhaps the actor knows he is uttering real sentiments of these times—for he speaks with an unusual spirit. The caps wave, and the "Hey" sounds with almost every sentence, at words which would be hissed down in most public meetings, and be coldly received in the churches—but which, somehow, seem to strike some strange chord in the dirty, ragged audience.

"Why are you sorry, sir?" says *George*.

"Because you are setting yourself against the laws of your country," *Mr. Wilson* replies.

"*My* country! What country have I but the grave? I appeal to God Almighty. I'm willing to go with the case to Him, and ask Him if I do wrong to seek my freedom." * * *

"*Mr. Wilson*, I *do* run a risk. I know it;" and he shows his pistols. "Down South I never *will* go. No! if it comes to that, I can earn myself at least six feet of *free soil*—the first and last I shall ever own in Kentucky!" [Enthusiastic cheers.]

"*George*, what has brought you out so wonderfully? You are another man."

"Because I'm a *freeman!*" [Great cheers.]

The Kentuckian turns Quaker, for the sake of a girl he is in love with, and when the slave-hunters appear on the track of *Harris* and *Eliza*, helps them to escape. In the final encounter, when the slave-hunter is rolled down the cliffs by the Quaker, and *Harris* resolves to die for his freedom, the whole theatre sounds with the cheers again.

Still, favourite as these spirited scenes are to "the boys," it is evident a deeper feeling is touched by all the later scenes.

Eva appears a beautiful child, who acts her part so strangely well, that the boys might well think a being from another sphere was there. It only needs a natural child's voice to utter some of those sentiments of universal humanity, which are put into *Eva's* mouth, to carry away any audience. *Topsy* is her foil-wielder, and more tangled-haired, and moping and grinning than in the original; and with a touch—showing an artist's hand—of additional bitterness, "*cos she's a nigger!*" She seems, as the play goes on, the very Pariah of our society. In the scene, where *Eva* asks her "Don't you love *anybody*, *Topsy?*" and she says "she never had no father nor mother," and *Eva* finally throws her arms about her, and says, "Poor child! *I* love you. I love you, because you haven't had any father or mother, or friends; because you've been a poor, abused child!" I saw several ragged cuffs going up almost unconsciously to dirty eyes, where tears had not often been.

Either by design, or, necessarily, from the very artistic arrangement of the story, the religious and humane thoughts and sentiments were the most strongly brought out.

St. Clair—who is of course but fairly done, a stage-gentleman merely—was never applauded more than when he shows *Miss Ophelia* the absurdity of the professed Christianity, which sends missionaries to the heathen, but will not even try to convert the poor Topsys at home. With all his badinage, too, the genuine respect for religion is apparent throughout, as intended in the original. *Tom's* part, difficult as it is, was carried through admirably. In his remonstrance with his master about drinking, where he says, "Mass'r isn't good to *himself*. * * * Oh, I'm afraid it will be the *loss of all*—ALL—body and soul; the Good Book says, 'It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,'"—there was after it the deepest stillness—almost solemnity.

The closing scenes of *Eva's* life were managed with singular judgment. *Eva* and *Tom* sit together by the bank of a lake, and repeat the Methodist hymns; and when *Eva* asks about the "New Jerusalem," and sings,

> "They all are robed in spotless white,
> And conquering palms they wore,"

and points to the sky—"I'm going *there*, to the spirits bright, *Tom*"—the boys do not even dare to applaud, and scarce a sound is heard in the house.

The death scene even was not revolting, but represented quietly and vividly; and when *Tom*, kneeling, says, triumphantly, "Bless the Lord, master! it's over—all over! she has the crown—the victory!" and *St. Clair* and the rest sink their faces in the bed where the white-robed child lies—the feeling is not as if holy truths were travestied and parodied, but rather as if, under strange forms and by a strange providence, there—away down in the dark, vile places of the earth—the grand truths of immortality and of religion were uttered to ears unaccustomed.

Wherever, throughout, the characters are changed, it all tends to the great end of the book. "*Miss 'Phely*" is even more snappish, and more unreasonable against "niggers" than in the original; and the contrast of Southern kindness and familiarity with them, with the Northern prejudice, is well drawn. The effect of the representation is to elevate the black; and we are very much mistaken, from the tone on this occasion, if the United States' officers ever get much assistance, in chasing runaways, from the "Bowery Boys."

We came expecting the usual "blood and murder" acting of the National, and curious to see how such a piece would be managed there, and how the "Boys" would receive it. Most of the pit-audience had, probably, never seen the book, or any good book. They could not be got to listen to a sermon. They would not be moved by it if they did. These low theatres are usually the places where coarseness and lewdness are bred, and where the better thoughts are only expressed to be parodied. It seemed strange that, in such a place, the piety and talent of a New England woman should be uttering grand religious sentiments and the truest feelings of humanity, in tones which could not but be heard, to the very dregs of the outcasts of our City. Some writer has said that "to arouse one true feeling of generosity and pity is better for man's soul than to study a whole system of moral philosophy."

In that view, perhaps, no better sermon was ever preached to the boys of the Bowery, than this acting of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." H.

ALBERTI, THE HANGMAN KIDNAPPER.

WHO has not heard of Alberti? He is the man in the black mask who figures at every gallows scene. His business is to place the fainting wretch under the noose, to adjust the knot under the left ear, to let fall the drop and take charge of the corpse. When Spring was hung, no one needed to be told that Alberti was on the scaffold, that he looked curiously for the black stream to spout from the nostrils, and cracked his ribald jokes over the livid clay. This is his vocation: men and nature have attributed it to him. The ponderous marble jaws of the penitentiary vomited him out, that he might pursue it. An execution was once expected at Lancaster; Alberti volunteered an offer to the sheriff to strangle the victim handsomely, and to receive, in full payment of his services, the cord and corpse. Do not imagine, quiet, gentle, milk-hearted reader, that there is shame in this creature; that he shrinks from the eye of man, and lives in the darkest corner of some cellar or dungeon, afraid that honest men who meet him will slay him. No, he glories in the moral isolation in which he lives. A grim smile plays over his countenance when men cross the street to avoid meeting him; when children cease their sports at his approach, and huddle together like chickens that dread the fell sweep of a hawk; or when the frequenters of the low groggeries he favours hush their boisterous and noisy talk as he enters, draw away from the counter, and leave him to drink in silence and alone. Those who have heard his voice are haunted ever after by its harsh and grating tones. Speak to him, if you are curious, and he will probably tell you, in his scowling way, how his fiendish fancy has led him to festoon winding-sheets about his bed, and curtain the windows of his chamber with the grave-clothes of men he has hung!

But, thank heaven, there are not enough executions even here to enrich this monster. To supply his wants, he has cumulated with his business of hangman that of kidnapper and slave-catcher. There is not, in a Southern paper, an advertisement of a fugitive that does not find its way to Alberti. No coloured man arrives here but Alberti knows it, through his spies, and compares his person with the advertisement descriptions. Fearful of being deceived by his wretched agents, he prowls about himself in the quarters where the negroes reside, peeping into houses, and entering them under all sorts of pretexts. He is the evil genius of the region about Lombard street. If a negro family hears a noise when seated around the supper table, they look to the window in fear, half expecting to see Alberti looking through, with his nose flattened against a pane. If a negro is unprotected, Alberti finds a master for him, which is the safest plan, or kidnaps him, if nothing else will do. Once on the track of a fugitive, he follows it like a slot-hound. Nothing stops him. Perjury, corruption of officers, legal chicanery—any means are good which enable him to pocket the reward offered for a human being.

Take the case of George Smith, or as he is called by his claimants, Bill Fisher: A hard-working man, the owner of property acquired by steady industry, a respected member of the Masonic fraternity among his people, surrounded by his family, living in peace and happiness, so long absent from Maryland that his owner had almost forgotten his existence—what circumstance was wanting to appeal to other men for sympathy and secrecy in regard to his unfortunate situation? But Alberti's lynx eye falls on him and he is a doomed man. It was in May last that Alberti or one of his accomplices, Robert Hill or George Fields, went down to Maryland, to Mr. Howard, to tell him that, for a certain reward, they would restore his long-lost slave. The bargain was soon struck. Howard sends his agent, Fredus Aldridge, to Philadelphia, to concert means with Alberti, and his accomplices, Fields and Hill. On the 22d of May, Fields, who is an officer of the law, in order the better to ply his trade, arrests the victim on a trumped up charge of riot. Alberti comes forward and offers to go bail for the negro. This scheme to get possession of his person failed, through the refusal of Alderman Enue to accept the philanthropist. Bail was given by a coloured mason, Lyttleton Hubert. But Alberti was not thus to be foiled. On Thursday last, Robert Hill, the third accomplice, who has, by some means, wormed himself into Marshal Keyser's police, seized upon George Smith, without warrant, and locked him up for the night in the Moyamensing Station House, and spirited him away next morning to a distant part of the town, to the office of Alderman Dallas, there to wait for the action of Alberti. The Alderman has called on us to say that he was not privy to the fact beforehand, was absent at the time, and had nothing to do with such a use of his office. Some of the witnesses testify to the same thing. While we would give the Alderman the full benefit of his statement and the testimony, we can but express our hope that he will explain to the public, over his own signature, how such men as Fields, Hill, and Alberti are so intimate with him that they presume to turn his office into a kidnapping station. Our columns are open to him for the purpose.

In the name of republican honour and State pride, we would ask the citizens of Philadelphia if this infamous gang shall be longer permitted to infest our streets. It is the glory of our government that it protects the weak and the friendless; the strong can take care of themselves. If law is good for anything, it is good against a double-dyed villain like Alberti. Why does he go unpunished for his numerous offences? Why, for instance, is he not arrested and tried for kidnapping Adam Gibson? We express the unanimous opinion of this community when we say that Philadelphia must no longer be made the scene of operations of this infamous man. Let him and his gang go elsewhere to play their nefarious traffic—or let them be safely stowed in the Penitentiary, from which Mr. Bigler took Alberti.—*Phila Register.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY—INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

From the American Baptist.

It gives us great pleasure to lay before our readers, at the direction of the Executive Committee, the following eloquent, fraternal, and truly Christian letter addressed by the Kent and Sussex Association of Baptist churches, England, to the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and forwarded by Br. Mathews to the Secretary. The writer of the document, Rev. Thomas Jones, of Blackheath, sent with it to Br. Mathews a brief note, which we publish as an appropriate introduction to the letter itself.

3 SPENCER PLACE, Blackheath, }
June 16, 1853. }

DEAR SIR: My zealous and gifted young friend, Frederick Chesson, through whom I obtain much American intelligence, informs me that you will be kind enough to forward the enclosed to the proper quarter, for which myself and brethren will be much obliged. It will not impair the weight of the document, as an expression of earnest feeling, to say that it was adopted at a large open meeting held in the Market-house, when numbers were present who are identified with our churches, though not eligible to sit with the deputies in private deliberation. The adoption of the letter was moved by the Rev. Charles Robinson, of Borough Green, seconded by the Rev. J. Whittemore, of Eynsford, and carried unanimously. An acknowledgement of its receipt can be sent to me, or to our Moderator, Mr. Wall, of Rye, in the county of Sussex.

Though I perceive there are great difficulties in the way of emancipation, I trust they will not exist long, as our God doeth wonders, and can turn men's hearts as the streams of the South.

There will be great rejoicing in Christendom when America does its duty in this behalf.

I am, dear sir, yours in the truth,
REV. E. MATHEWS. T. JONES.

TO THE AMERICAN BAPTIST FREE MISSION SOCIETY.

DEAR BRETHREN: We, the ministers and members of the Kent and Sussex Association of Baptist churches, holding our annual meeting at Bexley Heath, in the county of Kent, the 7th and 8th of June, 1853, have had our attention called—not for the first time—to the degrading and God-dishonouring condition of our fellow-creatures in the United States of America.

We are aware that Slavery, with all its injustice and cruelty, is the trade and practice of other nations besides yours, but in no other nation is its character so anomalous and wicked. Waiving all reference to the odious details of sickening scenes your own writers report as common in the slave States, we will mention two or three aspects in which the iniquity and inconsistency of American Slavery strike us with thrilling conviction.

Britons though we are, approving generally of the British Constitution, and the loyal and affectionate subjects of one of the best Monarchs that ever adorned a throne, we fully justify the conduct of those brave men who refused to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for an insolent and oppressive oligarchy, and declared themselves independent of a government which was scarcely less hated at home than abroad.

And we admire many of the institutions of America, as proofs of profound wisdom in her legislators, and as elements of national greatness. Particularly do we commend her judicious avoidance of that fatal blunder which has induced older States to invade the province of Christ, interfering with the rights of conscience, offering a premium on hypocrisy, and testing a man's moral principle by his acceptance or rejection of a patent creed. When we are asked whether the Christian religion can exist and thrive without human laws to protect it, and State pay to animate it, WE POINT TO AMERICA. We are sure to express the feelings of ninety-nine out of every hundred in our own country when we say that England is proud of America, maugre those petulant airs and sharp criticisms occasionally indulged in on both sides.

But how can a nation which initiates its professions and progress with the divine sentiment, "All men are equal in the sight of God," give the lie to its own declaration, and hold in bondage millions of their fellow-men whose birthright is LIBERTY?

By all the respect we have for you as a great people, by all the esteem we have for your energy and enterprise, and glorious achievements in various departments of science and civilization, and by all the love we have for you as our "near kindred," we are mortified and grieved that you should endure the national reproach of inconsistency so gross, and injustice so flagrant.

We are still more affected by the position of the church in America in reference to this giant evil. Love of pelf will carry worldly minds into excess of violence and cupidity. Judas sold the Saviour into the hands of his enemies for money, and it is not matter of deep surprise that men of his cast should traffic in the bodies and souls of their fellow-creatures when they can thereby increase their worldly gains. But we have reason to believe that such a merchandise would have been given up in America long ago if the church there had been true to its Master and his holy cause. Those who should have solemnly condemned a system so fearfully replete with evil, have too often volunteered apologies for it—palliating its criminality and encouraging its continuance. Nay, we learn that deacons, and even pastors in the church of the self-denying Jesus, hold the purchase of his blood in cruel thraldom, and blasphemously pretend to have Scripture sanction for their diabolical iniquity! May God lead them to repentance, and constrain them to make restitution to those they have "robbed and spoiled." Never will the fair face of our common Christianity look forth in its native beauty and loveliness till its professed disciples repudiate all connection and sympathy with Slavery; nor will the world believe that the gospel is worthy of all acceptation, securing the reign of love and justice and harmony among them that obey it.

We are thankful to hear that some sections of the church in America will not touch the unclean thing, will not abet it either directly or indirectly, nor hold fellowship with the Achans and Demases who dare to prostitute the sacred truth into a sanction of their sordid and selfish practices, and make of the house of prayer a den of thieves.

We congratulate you, dear brethren, on your honourable and faithful conduct in withdrawing from connection with societies and individuals making pious pretensions, but polluted with the blood of the slave. We would assure you of our Christian esteem, and bid you good speed in the name of the Lord. Our prayers are mingled with yours that every let and hindrance to the triumphal car of our glorious Immanuel be taken out of the way, that the Slavery of forced labour and the Slavery of sin may soon cease, the jubilee trumpet sound the world over, and every man stand erect in the liberty with which Christ makes free.

We are, dear brethren,
Yours in fraternal regards.
Signed at the request and on behalf of the whole.
T. WALL, Moderator,
Pastor of the Baptist church, Rye, Sussex.

The following letter, addressed to the writer of the foregoing address, appeared in the London *Morning Advertiser* of June 17:

MY DEAR SIR: I am glad to learn of your intention to propose a vote of sympathy with the American Free Baptist Missionary Society at the forthcoming meeting of your Association; and cheerfully comply with your request that I should furnish you with a brief sketch of the history of that body of faithful Abolitionists. You are well aware, of course, that the Baptists in the Southern States are almost to a man either slaveholders or supporters of 'the peculiar institution.' A deceased slaveholding Baptist clergyman thus defined the views of Southern Baptists on the Slavery question: 'The right of holding slaves is clearly established in the holy Scriptures.'

The Baptists in the Northern States were once the firm friends of Anti-Slavery principles, but of late years they have fearfully retrogressed. The American and Foreign Bible Society (Baptist) has, since its commencement in 1837, had slaveholders for some of its prominent officials; and has 58 auxiliaries in the slave States. The sympathies of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society are equally with Slavery, slaveholders actually having received missionary appointments. But the battle between the Pro-Slavery and Abolitionist parties in the Baptist body has been fought in the Baptist Triennial Conventions, where (as has been forcibly described by the Rev. Edward Mathews) the slaveholding interests so largely predominated, that some members seceded. These ministers originated the Free Baptist Missionary Society, and took the ground of '*No communion with slaveholders, or their abettors.*' The organ of this society is the *American Baptist*, an earnest and uncompromising friend of the oppressed.

Your words of greeting will, I am sure, be gladly received, and will enourage the Anti-Slavery Baptists of America to persevere in their arduous labours in the sacred cause of human freedom.

Yours, very truly,
REV. THOMAS JONES. F. W. CHESSON.

ANOTHER ADDRESS FROM ENGLAND.

THE following address, adopted at the Annual Meeting of the Suffolk Baptist Home Missionary Union, and forwarded through the agent of our Society in England, Br. Mathews, was designed, as will be observed, not merely for the Free Mission Society, but for "the Baptist Ministers and churches throughout the United States." The suggestion contained in the note accompanying the Address, "as to the best means of getting the document before the American Baptists," viz., "that it should go before them in manuscript at one of their meetings," has engaged the consideration of the Executive Committee. It would be their happiness, if it were practicable, to carry this suggestion into effect; but they know of no way in which it can be accomplished. Since the dissolution of the Baptist General Convention, there has existed no organization in which the American Baptists are generally represented. In the Missionary Union the representative element is utterly unknown; and in the Home Mission and Bible organizations of the North, it has scarcely more than a nominal existence. Nor, judging from the past, is it in the least degree probable that either of these Societies, any more than the Southern Convention itself, would consent to be the medium through which the kind and faithful remonstrance of our English brethren should be permitted to reach a portion of those for whom it was intended. In this state of things, the committee were of opinion that the best means of bringing the document to the notice of the American Baptists would be to secure for it the widest practicable circulation through the religious and Anti-Slavery press of the country. It is therefore commended to the conductors of Anti-Slavery papers, of the religious press generally, and especially of the Baptist portion of it, whether North or South, in the hope that through their courtesy it may find a place in their columns.—*Am. Baptist.*

ALDBOROUGH, Suffolk, June 16, 1853.

MY DEAR BROTHER: The enclosed Address was passed at our meeting—but I regret to say that there was no discussion, as there was no time—in fact a great deal of business had to go undone. * * * It was resolved that I should consult you as to the best means of getting the document before the American Baptists. Mr. Webb suggested that it should go before them in manuscript at one of their meetings, before it was made public. What is the best course, and how can you facilitate it?

Your affectionate brother,
JOHN MATHEWS.

THE SUFFOLK BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY UNION TO THE BAPTIST MINISTERS AND CHURCHES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

BRETHREN: Deeply impressed with the conviction that Slavery is a crime before God, and a sin against man, we feel constrained, as the followers of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," to address to you a few words of solemn and friendly remonstrance.

We have heard, with shame and grief, that of the three millions of slaves in the United States, upwards of six hundred thousand are held in bondage by members of the various religious denominations, that many churches and religious societies refuse to treat slaveholding as a sin, allow slaveholders to be life members of those societies, and receive into their treasuries the price of blood.

The experience of all ages proves that Slavery cannot exist without producing a train of evils—of crime and misery disgraceful to humanity and abhorrent to the principles of the Christian religion—that not only does it degrade the slave, by robbing him of his liberty, trampling on his manhood, and treating him as chattel property, or as a beast of burden; but (and this is an awful feature in Slavery) it has a natural tendency to deteriorate the character of the master; for, by placing irresponsible power in his hands—a power over the bodies, destinies and lives of his slaves—he is placed in circumstances to be strongly tempted to practice cruelty, lust, and injustice, and thus, by deadening his moral sensibilities, it renders him impervious to the power of gospel truth.

We ask whether a system which denies to the slave the institution and rights of marriage, makes it a penal offence to give him instruction, withholds from him the ennobling truth of the Gospel, and brands as criminals, and treats as felons, those who shelter and feed the hunted, homeless, and bleeding slave, fleeing from oppression and panting for liberty, is not one of the worst forms of human depravity—whether it ought for a moment to receive the countenance of the Christian church—and whether it is not the duty of all the followers of Christ in America at once to withdraw from the communion of those who refuse to separate themselves from the sin of Slavery, and to withhold their contributions from those religious societies which countenance and uphold so great an evil? For we have the strongest persuasion that if Slavery were regarded as a crime and disgrace by the church, it could not exist in the world.

Brethren, we appeal to you as the descendants of those noble-minded men who, because they would not endure a spiritual despotism which sought to bind its fetters on their conscience, became exiles in a strange land, and upreared the standard of liberty and of the Gospel amidst the rocks and forests of that country which you are justly proud to call your own. We appeal to you as members of that denomination which has always manifested its love to, and boldly contended for the full enjoyment of the principles of civil and religious liberty. We appeal to you, above all, as the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, to pity the millions of your fellow citizens who are enduring a despotism far more galling than that

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Priest or Pope, and seek for them that justice which they have a right to claim at your hands. Thus shall you prove yourselves to have the spirit of Him "who delivereth the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper." So will you roll away reproach from Zion, and strike from the hands of infidelity her keenest weapon wherewith she now assails Christianity.

We rejoice that there are many churches and missionary organizations in America, such as the American Free Will Baptists, and the American Baptist Free Mission Society, which refuse to receive slaveholders into their number, or to take the profits of Slavery, and which, by their prayers, their teaching, and self-denying labours, are seeking to break the fetters of the slave. To these faithful, devoted brethren we extend our warmest sympathy, and beseech the great Head of the Church that he would grant them wisdom and strength in their trying conflict, and earnestly pray that they may soon realise the most sanguine wish of their heart—the deliverance of their country and of the churches of America from the accursed traffic in humanity. Then shall Columbia become great, glorious and free, a pioneer to the nations in the march of human progress—and when the downfall of oppression shall come, as come it will, then shall the freeman of every land, for all lands shall be free, bend together around the altar of the living God—and over the crumbling ruins of the kingdom of darkness shout victory through the blood of the Lamb.

CORNELIUS ELVEN, Moderator,
on behalf of the whole.

Signed at the Annual Meeting held at Botesdale, Suffolk, June, 9th, 1853.

GOING HOME.

MR. J. B. THOMPSON, a fugitive from Slavery, who was compelled to flee from Philadelphia, after the passage of the 'Fugitive Slave Act,' and who sought a refuge in Canada, has succeeded in procuring the sum of $800, with which to purchase his freedom. The whole of this sum has been raised since the 1st of March; and the zeal, energy, affection and talents of Thompson's wife have contributed greatly to the success of her husband's own untiring exertions. Mr. Thompson called on us on his way to Canada when the human bloodhounds were baying on his track; his good wife informed us, on Friday, 8th inst., that Lyman Jones Esq., of Montreal, had negotiated with the man-stealer in Virginia, who claimed her husband, and who had consented to release all claim on him for $800: and that as they had the money they were now returning *home!*

The simple story of Mrs. Thompson, commencing with the visit of her husband's '*master*' to her home in Philadelphia, and ending at the collection of the last $2.50 of the needed sum, was as graphic as a chapter of 'Uncle Tom.' Her husband, who is a smart, good-looking, energetic mulatto, left Virginia 8 years ago, and settled in Philadelphia, where, at the time of his flight, he had two Shaving and Hair-dressing establishments, besides owning, in his wife's right, a homestead.

One morning in September, 1852, the master entered Thompson's house, with a familiar, free and easy swagger, threw himself into a chair, placed his heels upon the table, and, slowly chewing, spitting and squinting around the ceiling, suddenly brought his eye to bear on Mrs. Thompson, and asked her where her "boss" was.

"He is at the shop, sir."

"He'll be along soon, won't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have things pooty nice here—seem to live pooty well for niggers."

"Are you from the South, sir?" said Mrs. Thompson to her impudent visitor; at the same time her flashing eye, curling lip and heaving breast indicated the scorn she could scarcely suppress, in obedience to the fears which had suggested her question.

"What makes you think me from the South?" said the bully with a sneer.

"Because Northern men know better than to enter people's houses merely for the purpose of insulting them."

"Well, I am from the south," replied the master, "and I am come for your old man, and if I had *you* in Old Virginia, I'd give you 39 on your bare back every morning, and then rub you down with salt water, and, I bet, your tongue would not wag so glib."

"But you will never have me or my husband in Old Virginia."

By the address and coolness of Mrs. Thompson her husband was informed of this visiter, and escaped amongst the "Quakers." In a few days she converted what property she could quietly dispose of into money, locked up her house, and, joining her husband, started with him for Canada. Since that period, she has accompanied him, with her little daughter, through Vermont and other parts of New England, giving concerts, where they sang the touchingly plaintive songs of the slaves, and earning in this way the price of Mr. Thompson's freedom.

We never saw anything more touching than the joy expressed in the face of Mrs. Thompson, as she recited to us the incidents of her life, during the last few months, amongst the generous farmers of Vermont, and dwelt upon the fact that her husband could now go *home*.

Shame, say we, to the country which repays such love as those poor fugitives have for it with whips, chains, and bondage. Double shame on the dastard laws which would expatriate them, and then rob them of their hard earnings before they can return home in peace.

And yet, in the face of such facts as are furnished in the history of this family, numerous nunskulls can be found who will solemnly inform us that negroes cannot take care of themselves.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

THIRD OF JULY SERMON.

AN excellent custom of a portion of the clergy, says the Philadelphia *Register*, is to devote the Sabbath preceding or following the anniversary of our National Independence to faithful exhortation in regard to our national sins. It is a custom worth imitating. Among the Romans, there was one holiday in every year, when everybody, not excepting slaves, was permitted to speak freely. Americans may be content, therefore, to be reminded once a year of their shortcomings. With this view, we present to our readers a report, as nearly accurate as may be, of the eloquent conclusion of a sermon delivered yesterday morning, by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness.

"But how can Slavery be abolished? This is the question that is continually asked, and in that hopeless tone that despairs of a satisfactory answer. How can Slavery be abolished? What a question is this for a people to ask, young and full of power as this is, overrunning the continent, sprinkling the western wilderness with cities and States, tunnelling the rock-ribbed mountains, ready to conquer and annex the nations—what a question for such a people to ask, as if, were it only once determined that Slavery should be abolished, it would not do it! *How* shall this object be accomplished? How else shall it or can it be effected, but by simply resolving that it must be done? This is all that is needed, the resolution, the will to do it. The *will* will find the way. Let the intelligence, the conscience, the religion of the country be awakened to the duty that lies before us, and injustice and inhumanity will vanish away from before them like the vapours of the night.

"I, for one, desire no abolition but that which comes from the *free, conscientious action* of the slaveholders themselves, and slaveholders we all are, more or less directly. We are all either holding or helping to hold our brother in bondage. I would have the sense of justice, of humanity, of freedom awakened in the minds of all men, or at least the majority of our countrymen, and that will do the work for us. In order to arouse the slumbering sense of right in the heart of this great nation, let every man use the influence that he may, let every one be true to what light he has. Think, speak, act as honest and brave men should, and as becomes the followers of Him who died for the friendless and the poor. Do all that you can to publish the truth, to diffuse information, make no compromises with any, and you, at all events, will do your part. Above all things, let the teachers' religion proclaim the undisputed commandments of Him they profess to serve. Let them neither be intimidated or bribed to hold their peace, but let it be held to be their solemn duty to speak for justice and mercy, and I believe it is in their power to create that public sentiment which will mould the convictions of individuals, and make short work of the gigantic wrong. I know very well that at the first whisper of this odious word, Abolition, those who are immediately interested in upholding Slavery and in keeping down the oppressed, are filled with indignation and wrath. It is natural that it should be. No man likes to be told that he is doing wrong, especially if his own conscience tells him so too, and if the wrong to which he is habituated has been of such a character as to render him domineering, imperious and impatient of contradiction. Nevertheless, slaveholders are men, and very often, I have no hesitation in saying it, truly humane men. There are large numbers of them, and I have no wish to doubt it, who treat their slaves with a great deal of kindness; large numbers, who, if their slaves run away, would scorn to go after them; would scorn to do the dirty work of hunting the fugitive for freedom. All such, being men, susceptible of course of human sympathies, having hearts and consciences, would soon be brought to fall in with an enlightened and humane public sentiment; such a public sentiment, as the humblest of us may help to create; such a public sentiment, as I rejoice to believe is now steadily and slowly forming throughout our country. Already one after another struggles away from the slaveholding ranks, gets rid of his slave property, setting it free, perhaps, without compensation, or at least emancipating it by will. I wonder how many wills there are already written, in the South, setting free one or more slaves. Rely upon it, my friends, let all who know in their hearts that Slavery is wrong and a sin, and that to let the oppressed go free is right, and a duty, let them be faithful to that knowledge, and the number of such wills will increase, and the cases of emancipation before death will grow more and more numerous, as the humane sentiment of the public grows. And by and by State Legislatures will take the matter up, timidly and partially at the first, but they will grow more and more bold. When once the tide fully sets towards Universal Emancipation, it will grow stronger every day, until at last the noble stream shall roll over the land, cleansing and fertilizing, sweeping away every vestige of domestic servitude, and bearing the whole country on to happiness and glory. Then, my friends, the mighty influence of this country shall be seen. Then, before the stainless splendour of our great example, the heavy darkness of Despotism which now rests over the Old World, shall fade away. We shall not need to go forth to propagate our political faith, to proselyte mankind. The freedom and happiness of our country shall tell their own story, and other nations come and join our great Federation. Notwithstanding much to the contrary, there are many cheering signs pointing to this blessed result. Art and commerce are weaving round the globe the ties which shall bind nation to nation. And able men are rising among us, in the political world, whose feet indeed are shackled by party and political connections, but whose faces are turned in the right direction, and are illuminated by the light of liberty. And there are devoted men and women, who have consecrated themselves to the help of the slave, who count it the service of God, and who will never let the country have rest while it is upholding injustice and oppression. God in his mercy increase their number. May the glory of his attributes break upon us, and make us faithful in our day and generation.

LETTER FROM REV. DANIEL FOSTER.

From The Liberator.

MESSRS. MAY AND GARRISON: In the last *Liberator*, you undertake to give your readers an account of the circumstances which have resulted in our separation. I wish to say a word about these matters, through the same channel.

The 19th of June, I spoke in Lowell three times. My third service was an Anti-Slavery lecture. In that discourse, I dwelt on the necessity of *union* among all Abolitionists, as one condition essential to our success. I freely and frankly expressed my disapproval of the spirit in which HORACE MANN had been so severely censured. That address was published in the *Lowell American*, and will speak for itself. The next day, I called upon Anti-Slavery friends, and presented to them an appeal for pledges to ensure to me a salary of six hundred dollars, as an independent reformatory lecturer. In that appeal, after stating the amount of labour I would undertake to perform, and mentioning what I had done the past year, I say, 'These labours I have performed as an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. I now leave that Society, because I cannot be *quite free there*. I am required by the Board of Managers to refrain from circulating William Goodell's History of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, which I regard as a true and most excellent book. This requirement seems to me unjust, and therefore I cannot comply with it. Surely, we ought carefully to guard our own liberty, while seeking to free the enslaved.' Among others on whom I called with my appeal was a gentlemen who is connected with the *Lowell American*. On reading the passage above quoted, he asked, 'What objection is made to this book?' I answered by a quotation from the resolution of dismissal, which affirms that the book is false in an important particular; and I added, that Mr. Goodell had generally introduced these facts, which are denied, by quotations from the *Liberator* or *Standard*, or by referring to the source in which the proof of the correctness of his statements could be found. I said that I had declared my readiness to give up the book, if convinced that Mr. Goodell was guilty of false statements. I said that I was not invited to attend the Board meeting at which this matter was decided. The paragraph to which you take such exception was written by this gentleman, as a record of facts learned by him in this conversation.

Mr. May says in his statement, 'I suggested to him (Foster) an interview with certain members of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, who, being personally and intimately acquainted with the action of the former Society, at the time specified, could place the whole matter before him in a very different light from that in which Mr. Goodell has chosen to present it.' Mr. May urged me to go and consult with A, B and C, which, of course, I could not and would not do. Whoever *could* show that book to be false, thinking it important that *I* should see it, was bound to *come* to me. I could *go* to but one sort of a conference on this subject, viz., an *official* Board meeting. Such an one had been held. I was not permitted to know of it, till the decision which cut me off, through the alternative presented, was made known by the General Agent.

Mr. May is mistaken when he says that Mr. Foster has never expressed 'to me the faintest desire to meet the Board of Managers on this subject.' I perfectly recollect saying to him, when urged to go and see some one on this matter, that I should have been glad to have attended the Board meeting at which my case was acted on. And I will here say to Mr. May, that I should *now* be glad to meet that Board in its *official* capacity and investigate this matter, provided they will reconsider their resolutions touching me for that purpose.

Mr. May is also mistaken when he says, 'The statement that Mr. Foster offered to cease from circulating the book, if convinced that its strictures were untrue, is also wholly without foundation.' I am certain that I said as much as this distinctly to him. And I here repeat the same offer. Convince me that there are essential misstatements, suppressions or falsehoods in the book, and I will not send out another copy into the community.

I have read the work, carefully and candidly. I think Mr. Goodell is somewat prejudiced against Mr. Garrison, and therefore his history may not be altogether impartial. But, as a whole, I like it exceedingly. I think it able, radical, true, and calculated to do immense good. Mr. May says, in his first letter, in which he objects to its sale, 'In the hands of a person who knows where and how to discriminate, Mr. Goodell's book is doubtless of use.' Then, I ask, why this objection to its sale? It is the intelligent, discriminating person, and only such an one, who will buy and read this book; and whenever such an one does read it, I am confident its perusal will quicken and inspire the best impulses of the soul to take earnest hold of the Anti-Slavery enterprise.

I have met with great success the past year, and am meeting with most encouraging success in my present efforts, and simply because I advocate this holy cause without arrogant assumptions, wrath, or bitterness of spirit. Christianity is meant to convince and persuade men, rather than to force repentance upon them. I have no fellowship with that spirit which denounces the Abolitionist, who is doing an uncompromising work, as William Goodell is doing, and has been doing, from the very commencement of the great struggle in this land, because he differs radically on some important points with Mr. Garrison.

In a mercantile point of view, I own the right of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to employ agents to '*peddle*' this or that book, and to keep out of their *cart* any other book opposed to their Society. But suppose we look at it in a higher point of view. Here is a *moral* Society, founded on the *most perfect liberty of Christianity*, organized to set free the enslaved. It builds a free platform; it preaches a free gospel; it invites free discussion; it challenges free inquiry; it censures the sects and the parties because they discourage free investigation, and are not willing to have the people look on all sides of a question that interests the public mind. For a quarter of a century, a struggle goes on between those who hold these noble principles, and the narrow-minded sectaries and partisans would keep man in bondage. At length, a history of this great movement is written, by one who has suffered and toiled and sacrificed, in the very van of the reform, as one of its chief supporters and ablest advocates. Among other things narrated therein are the mistakes of a band of these reformers, on the question of political action and church organizations, and the influences which led them into these mistakes. Now, shall these men say to their agents, 'You shall not circulate this book, because it censures us?' Or shall they say even, 'You shall not spread this book in the land, because these censures are demonstrably unjust to us?' No! a thousand times, No! Let them carry out their principles, and allow the people to read and judge for themselves. Let them abide in the calm trust that truth will triumph and right be done, as they so nobly profess to believe. Now see how the thing is done in this particular case. The book is pronounced a false history. The agent is told that he shall not circulate it; but he must take the simple word of one man, or of a body of men, without a particle of proof that such is the case, and comply with the command. There is Mr. Goodell's word, and various documents which seem to corroberate his word, and there is the agent's own conviction on the other side. What shall the agent do? In such a case as this, Daniel Foster, not '*impulsively*,' but *calmly* and *conscientiously*, threw up his agency, and threw himself upon the people, with what truth and energy God gave to him. I see not how a true abolitionist could do otherwise.

In this work I have now been engaged some three months, with most encouraging success. Publicly and privately, by day and by night, I have sought to stir up the American heart to remember the slave as a brother. I have recognised Mr. Garrison's fidelity to the holy cause, and ever shall. I have delighted to co-operate with him and with his compeers and co-workers in advancing the cause of universal and impartial liberty to its glorious and coming triumph. I shall ever do so. I appeal to all who have heard me, whether in public or private, to testify whether these things be not so. I ask the gentleman who wrote the article in the *Lowell American* to describe the testimony I bore to the fidelity and earnestness with which the Massachusetts Society and its agents had been so long engaged in the Anti-Slavery work On this point, I shall hesitate in no place and at no time to speak out the love and the admiration which I feel for the Garrisonians. But I frankly confess that I do not believe in the non-voting theory, nor in Disunion, as a righteous or feasible remedy for Slavery. The man who votes and holds office for Freedom, Justice and Truth, is a *true* Abolitionist. While, therefore, I go for moral agitation to create a right public opinion, I shall also go to the ballot-box and deposit there my protest against tyranny, by voting for a man who 'fears God and works righteousness' to make and execute the laws of the land.

'Ho! every true and living soul,
To Freedom's perilled altar bear
The Freeman's and the Christian's whole—
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer.'

DANIEL FOSTER.

Cambridge, July 18th, 1853.

REPLY OF MR. MAY.

MR. GARRISON: I am very far from wishing a controversy with any Anti-Slavery man, least of all with one with whom I have had so long and so pleasant a connection as with DANIEL FOSTER; but some of his statements, in the above letter, require a notice from me, and I will briefly take them in order.

He admits that I was desirous he should have an interview, and come to a right understanding on the subject at issue. He says—'Mr. May urged me to go and consult with A, B and C, which, of course, I could not and *would not* do. Whoever could show that book to be false, thinking it important that *I* should see it, was bound to *come to me*.'

This is not the usual understanding of fair and reasonable persons as to the nature of the relations between an Agent and a Society in whose service he has engaged. Mr. Foster had been requested, as an Agent, to cease from selling a book, deemed to be most unfair and one-sided in its account of the American Anti-Slavery Society: If not prepared to comply with the request, he should not have waited to be invited, but should have *sought* an interview with those whose Agent he was, to understand more fully their reasons for the request. But, waiving this, had Mr. Foster said that it was not convenient for him to call upon any member of the Board of Managers, and named a time and place for a meeting, I have no cause to doubt that some one of them would have gone to him. Unfortunately, he expressed no such wish, manifested no such desire.

Again, he says—'I could *go* to but one sort of conference, viz., an *official* Board meeting. Such an one *had* been held. I was not permitted to know of it till the decision which cut me off.'

I am astonished at these statements of Mr. Foster, so contrary are they to the facts of the case. No such meeting *had been* held. His statement confuses and leads to material misunderstanding. Let me briefly recapitulate the facts:

April 11. I wrote to Mr. Foster, requesting him not to offer Mr. Goodell's book for sale, as our agent.

April 18. He replies, 'If the Managers forbid my selling this book, I shall not no longer as their agent.'

April 22. I wrote to him more fully the grounds of our objection to the book, and renewing the suggestion of an interview with some of us.

April 25. Mr. F. replies, 'I infer that I am required, as an agent, &c., to refrain from selling Goodell's Slavery and Anti-Slavery. I *cannot* consent to this, and therefore must give up my agency.'

April 27. The Board for the first time met on the subject, and, in order that their unanimous opinion might be known, passed the vote requiring Mr. Foster, as their agent, not to sell the book.

Now, in view of these dates and facts, how could Mr. Foster say, such a meeting '*had been held*'? 'I was not permitted to know of it till the decision which *cut me off*'? Mr. F. had resigned and *left us* before any meeting had been held. He cut himself off, without seeking or asking any interview, or explanation.

But Mr. Foster says he did express to me a wish for an interview with the Board, and did offer to cease selling the book, if convinced it was wrong. I have no recollection of any such wish, or offer, being made by him. If, however, he affirms he did make them, I will not dispute the point; for I have often occasion to admit the imperfection of my memory. Allowing he did make them, *when* did he make them? By his own showing, not until it was too late; for we had no conversation on the matter until *after* the Board meeting, as his language shows. He had peremptorily refused compliance with the wishes of the Board, and had withdrawn from his agency, *before* the Board meeting was held; and *afterwards* says he should have liked to *have been* present at it! Why did he not, I again ask, in *his letters* to me, signify a desire to be present? Why did he not, instead of refusing compliance, instead of resigning his agency, say, 'Let me be present at your first meeting—convince me I am wrong, and I will desist'? He said nothing of the kind. There are his letters, short and conclusive. There are mine, *urging him not to resign*, and, after he had resigned, urging him to re-consider, and to have an interview. We have, I think, done all we honourably could do to satisfy Mr. Foster, and to retain our connection with him.

But Mr. Foster wants to come forward now and discuss the subject with the Board on certain conditions which he specifies. I respectfully submit to every candid man that, as relates to Mr. Foster, the whole matter has assumed a very different aspect from what it had in the outset. Hastily, and without seeking any conference or explanation, Mr. Foster resigned his office, and left us. He has gone abroad among our friends and *unfriends* (to use a new-coined word), and represented *us* as aiming to exercise arbitrary and improper power over him, and *himself* as *not free* in his connection with us. But if Mr. F. thinks the Board have done him any injustice, and will make application to them for a hearing, it will unquestionably be granted.

Mr. F. thinks no harm could arise from his circulating the work in question, because none but 'intelligent and discriminating persons will buy and read it.' Is not this more than Mr. F. or we can know? It is usually those who are *seeking information* on a given subject who buy books on that subject. And is it for us to put into their hands, by our agent, a book which will prove a false light, and which does the grossest injustice to the movement, and the men, with whom we are connected? Never. Mr. Foster admits that the book is 'prejudiced against' Mr. Garrison and his friends; he admits it 'may not be altogether impartial.' Let the work of circulating it be done, then, by others. There are enough to oppose and misrepresent the old Anti-Slavery Societies, without our volunteering aid to facilitate their labours.

I am glad to hear from Mr. Foster that he is advocating the Anti-Slavery cause 'without arrogant assumptions, wrath, or bitterness of spirit.' Such should be the case. But he will not forget that he has been accused of all these, by pro-slavery persons. The accusations now impliedly made against us may be quite as unfounded as that against him.

Mr. Foster thinks that we are bound, by the principles of the free platform on which we profess to stand, to circulate this book, notwithstanding it contains, as we believe, statements which do the greatest injustice to men and women, living and dead, whom we revere as the apostles and martyrs of the Anti-Slavery cause. I can only say that our ideas of liberty, moral duty, and fidelity to our principles, differ on this point radically from Mr. Foster's.

I am, yours truly, SAMUEL MAY, JR.

Boston, July 26, 1853.

OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

The *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia, the organ of the Old School Presbyterian Church, it happens has felt called upon to condemn that valuable Anti-Slavery publication 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' One of the prominent members and ministers of that church, Rev. William L. McAlla, formerly of *Kentucky*, but now of Philadelphia, and well known throughout the country as an able controversialist, took exceptions to the criminations of the paper and wrote a valuable and unanswerable defence of 'Uncle Tom,' and sent it for publication. The written reply that he received is as follows:

"REV. WM. MCALLA:

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*—We are just now so much crowded with the proceedings and debates in the General Assembly, and with the official documents, that it would be impracticable for us to insert an article the length of yours, and so much matter has been accumulated on our hands, that our columns will be more than full for a long time to come. There is nothing disrespectful to our paper or to ourselves, personally, in your article, though there are questions involved in it, which we would not like to discuss in the *Presbyterian*, at any rate at present; and in some of your views we would not concur.

Respectfully and truly yours,
EDITORS PRESBYTERIAN.

Philadelphia, June 3d, 1853."

Being thus refused the columns of the *Presbyterian*, Mr. McAlla sought the privilege of having his article inserted in the Philadelphia *Sun*, which was generously granted.

We give some few extracts from the article, that our readers may form some judgment as to its spirit and relevancy:

"Although Uncle Tom's Cabin, of her book had been sold without my reading a page, a learned lawyer gave me such a judgment of it, as modified my opinion to such a degree, that I almost wished that I had time to read it. At last the wife of a physician lent a copy to my wife, and I was induced to read it to her. I observed several expressions used by her characters, which had brought upon her from the *Presbyterian* the charge of profanity. These expressions I sometimes omitted or altered, although I knew that they presented too faithful a picture of real life. Yet in the little story of Family Portraits, the *Presbyterian's* favourite, Mrs. Sigourney, has ten times more profanity, in quality and quantity, than the whole of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' as my wife has just now shown me.

"This faithfulness of representation of negro profanity I have a good right to know, because I was born and brought up in a slave State, and spent the first years of my married and ministerial life there. Having been in every slave State in the Union, I have dispassionately observed the lights and the shadows of this institution, in the various chambers of its own dwelling. I have become acquainted with planters and their plantation-laws; their chapels and quarters, their chaplains and overseers. I have known their slaves also, and have talked to them and preached to them. If you wish to know the alternations of pleasure and pain produced by these observations, you can get a tolerable account of them in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

"It is not wonderful that such different and opposite opinions are formed of that book and its writer, when there is such an irreconcilable difference between the rules of judgment upon which these opinions are based. If I understand the clique, they condemn the book upon two grounds. One is, that it gives a false view of facts; another, that it gives an unfavourable view of characters.

"With them there are two requisites to the justification of the writer. One is, that she should tell the truth; another that she should speak favourably, as they do, of the cavaliers. These are the two requisites which Ahab demanded of Micaiah, the prophet. One was that he should tell the truth; another that he should speak favourably, as the false prophets did, of the king and favourite project. The prophet told the truth, but would not flatter the guilty. So she tells the truth, though it falls heavily upon the guilty.

"According to this rule Josephus is ten times as bad as the author of 'Uncle Tom,' because he says ten times harder things of his country. Yet our clique will recommend Josephus as a historian—Traitors flatter the corruptions of their country, while true patriots make head against them. Who have the best claims to apostolicity? those who become martyrs by reproving them? Although the God of Daniel has protected and elevated our authoress, yet I saw a man the other day, who dared not speak of her book, for fear of being sacrificed, and another who, for the same reason, declared it to come from the devil, although he had to confess that he had never read it. This is like the Papist who is obliged to curse the Bible without ever seeing it.

"But she tells us also that the natural fruits of this institution carry the innocent to the grave, by the scourge, by deadly weapons, and by the still more cruel infliction of compulsory licentiousness, and of a broken heart, by the separation of husband and wife, parent and child. I have never read the 'Key' to the Cabin. I have too sad a key in my own mind and memory. Such cases as all these have come to my knowledge. It is improbable that her 'Key' contains one of them. In some of the most guilty cases the perpetrators have been men of high worldly standing, and in others they were religious professors, of official standing, in different denominations. If these things are true, what can excuse us in denying their truth? God hates the sin of condemning the righteous and justifying the wicked."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

SOME of our Free Soil contemporaries—and we regret to see *Frederick Douglass's Paper* among the number—are charging the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society with intolerance and proscription, in prohibiting Rev. Daniel Foster, a lecturing agent, from selling a book by Wm. Goodell, purporting to be a History of the Anti-Slavery Cause. And the papers alluded to not only denounce the act as one done in a tyrannical and bigoted spirit, but they evidently rejoice in the discovery of such a spirit in the Massachusetts Board. Now, if such be the character of these Boston Abolitionists, it is, one would, think, a thing to be sorry for rather than to be glad at, and, as they have laboured somewhat faithfully and long, in their way, in behalf of the cause of Anti-Slavery, it would be certainly no great stretch of Christian charity in these other advocates of Emancipation, in another manner, to suppose these people to be rather sinning for want of light than to be premeditated and obstinate bigots, loving to exercise a little brief authority harshly, cruelly, and unreasonably. The reputation of Jackson, Phillips, Garrison, and their associates of the Board, among their neighbours who are not Abolitionists, but who know them well, is, that they are—putting aside their Anti-Slavery—good citizens, warm friends, charitable and just men, to whom an appeal, in a good cause, is never made in vain, and who will be uselessly appealed to ever to swerve from an upright, straight-forward, and honourable conduct. So think their neighbours of them, who are tempted, by want of Anti-Slavery sympathy, to find flaws in their integrity. It is reserved for men, professing to feel the sympathy others want, to jump at an accusation of unfairness and bigotry, and to rejoice over it as an evidence that the members of the Board are neither just, generous, nor honourable, but that they are governed by a very petty personal conceit, and actuated by a very bigoted and unrelenting spirit. To entertain such a charge and pronounce judgment, without waiting for the other side of the story, strikes us as very much wanting in charity, under the circumstances; but not to retract, or to repeat it, after it is shown to be untrue, is to bear false witness—one of the ten things which, for some thousands of years, it has been held very base and very wicked to do. Why these editors do this thing, we shall not stop now to consider, though some of them, doubtless, are merely moved by the inherent depravity of the human heart, and others are merely carrying out that law—that there is no foe so bitter as a former friend.

We have referred to this matter only because it is exciting some remark among Anti-Slavery people, and not because there is anything agreeable to us in its contemplation. We hate disputes on personal character, and would do anything, short of a sacrifice of principles or of self-respect, to get away from them. But here is a business, at the outset a very simple and inoffensive transaction, inflated into a very grave accusation against the oldest, the steadiest, and the most self-sacrificing Abolitionists of the country, and it would be neither proper nor in accordance with our inclination, to ignore it altogether. Hitherto we have said nothing about it though some of our Free-Soil contemporaries have been harping on it these three weeks, as we could not help hoping that these men would have the grace to be ashamed of themselves, and correct the scandal of which they have been guilty. We are sorry to give up this hope; but, that our readers may know the real facts of the case, we copy, in another column, the correspondence between Messrs. Foster and May. As a relation of the circumstances, this, indeed, would hardly be requisite, but the importance given to the transaction by malignant intermeddlers makes it necessary. The whole story may be told in a very few words. An agent of the Massachusetts Society sees fit to use the influence and opportunity given him by that agency to circulate, for his private emolument, a work by Mr. Goodell. Now the book is a very dull book, and we have never yet met with anybody who has had the hardihood to go entirely through with it. Still the Massachusetts Board know enough of it to be assured that it was not what it pretended to be, a true and fair History of the Anti-Slavery movement, and that they should be untrue to the cause, as represented by their Society, if their instrumentalities were used in its dissemination. So Mr. Foster was requested by the Board not to sell this book; but he answered that if he could not do that, he should not act as their agent, and the Board, therefore, accepted his resignation. This is the whole story. It will be observed the Board hired Mr. Foster to do a certain thing, and he chose to use the opportunity thus given him to do a certain other thing which they did not approve of; they certainly have the right to say what the work is which they want done, and to object to a course which they think may have a tendency to ultimately undo that work; still Mr. Foster chose to do that very thing; they objected, and he resigned his agency—he was not turned out of it. It seems to us if there is any bigotry, any intolerance here, it is on the part of the employee who insisted upon pursuing a course calculated to prejudice the minds of the public against his employers, and therefore against the cause they represent, and would not work for them unless he was permitted to do this; the Board, on the contrary, were so tolerant that they did not at once dismiss the agent, but permitted him to retire. We think the candid reader, on perusing the correspondence, will come to precisely our conclusion.

RENDITION OF APPRENTICES.

WE gave the report, not long since, of a case decided in this city wherein the United States Commissioner held that the clause of the Constitution relating to fugitives from labour, and the acts of 1792 and 1850, upon the same subject, applied solely to fugitive slaves and not to apprentices. The decisions on this point, as we then remarked, are of some importance as authoritative interpretations, in a certain degree, of the Constitution on a mooted question, and a one which is destined to become far more widely discussed than it has ever yet been. It will be esteemed as so much gained by the advocates of the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution to have it definitively settled that the clause and acts referred to do apply to another class besides fugitives from Slavery; this they will conceive to be a step toward equally authoritative decisions that the Constitution, at least, does not provide for the rendition of slaves, and the unconstitutionality of any act that secures it. There will, however, be "more in the matter thereafter," and that is the not trifling necessity of securing the acquiescence of the slave-power in such judicial decisions. We shall be glad to see the important question at issue reached in this direct manner, and are rather impatient at Free Soil lawyers that they do not seize every opportunity that is offered to present it.

We refer to the subject again to report another decision, in Philadelphia, in relation to an apprentice, whereby the recent decision in this city is reversed. This last case, being before a Justice of the United States Court, is of more authority, of course, than that recently decided here by Commissioner Morton.

The facts in the case are briefly these: one William Cummines, Jr., of Delaware, was legally apprenticed to J M. Boaler, and escaped from his service to Philadelphia. The boy was arrested, and taken before Commissioner Heazlitt. At his request, after a partial hearing, the writ was made returnable before Judge Kane, of the United States District Court, and the case brought before him on Friday last. The report is as follows:

The facts being fully proved, Crabbe, for the claimant (J. Murray Rush was with him) argued:

1. That this was a case within the Act of 1850, and the 4 art. 2d sec. 3 cl. of the Constitution, because the words of that clause were in themselves, on the common rules of construction, as applicable to apprentices as to slaves, and that those who argued that slaves only were intended thereby were bound affirmative to make out their position, and no text writer or judicial decision had ever expressly confined the operation of the clause of the Constitution or the Acts of 1792 and 1850 to to slaves. That, going further, the intention of the framers of the Constitution III. Madison Papers, 1,446, 1,456, 1,532, 1,558, 1,589) had been to include more slaves within that clause, and that such had been the original understanding of the provision. (III. Ell. Deb. 438, 936.)

That the framers of the Constitution had thought it requisite expressly to include "persons bound to service for a term of years," that is, apprentices, among free persons, while, on the other hand, the New York amended Fugitive Act (23 rev. and 24 cd. 857) had deemed it necessary expressly to except them from being included in the term "persons held to service or labour." (See amended Act, laws of 1840.)

That the same construction had been placed upon the Constitutional provision in Jack vs. Martin, 14 Wend. 522, 524, 525; and in Johnson vs. Tompkins, Baldw., 571, 578, 584, 585, 590, 598; and that Commissioners Ingersoll (Conn.), Loring (Mass.), Scovill N. Y.), and Heazlitt (Penna.), had decided apprentices to be within the meaning of the Act of 1850. Commissioner Morton (N. Y.) had, however, decided otherwise.

II. The indentures were valid in this Court, because, as was in evidence, they had been impliedly ratified by the father, and because, whether so ratified or not, they were valid under the *lex loci contractus*. (Story Conft. L., 3d ed., sec. 100, p. 186; sec. 103, p. 189.)

Parsons, for the apprentice, argued that this was not a case where the Commissioner was authorized to issue the warrant of arrest, neither the Constitution nor the acts of 1793 and 1850 being intended to affect any other than slaves (II. Story Const. sec. 36; III. ib. sec. 805; Serg. Const. Law, 1st ed., 387, 388; III. Mad. Papers, 1,447; Prigg vs. Penna., 16 Pet. 611, et seq.); and that this was shown conclusively by the fact that there were no adjudicated cases which decided apprentices to be within the Constitution and acts of 1793 and 1850.

That as fugitive slaves were unable to make a valid contract (Glenn v. Hodges, 9 Johns. 67; Comm. v. Griffith, 2 Pkg., 11), this boy, if brought into the same category as a slave, must also be held incapable of validly binding himself to the claimant, and therefore the father's right was superior.

That Commissioner Morton's decision was a proper exposition of the law on the subject.

That *quoad*, the father of these indentures, were of no avail, he having never surrendered his rights over the boy. (3 Blacket., 4; 1 ib., 396; 4 S. and R., 211; 2 W. and S., 67; Guthrie vs. Murray, 4 Watts, 80; Commonwealth vs. Crommie, 8 W. and S., 339.)

Rush, for the claimant, was not heard.

KANE, J.—I have had my attention called to the clause of the Constitution, and the Act of Congress of 1793 and 1850, providing for the rendition of persons held to labour, and the mode of so doing, very often, and the result of the attention heretofore bestowed, and the simple nature of the question to be decided, induce me to give my decision now. Taking the words of the clause of the Constitution, and those of the Act of 1850 alone, there can be no difficulty—the words are, "persons held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof." Now I know of no words that could more clearly include apprentices than those I have quoted, for the plain effect of the words of every indenture of apprenticeship are to hold the party to service; and if I could go beyond the words of the Act of Congress, and those of the article of the Constitution, I should say that every consideration of policy would dictate such a construction, because to decide the contrary would be to discharge every apprentice in Pennsylvania that chose to cross the Delaware, and every one elsewhere that repaired to this State, and refused to return to his duty. The relation created by an indenture of apprenticeship is of such a character that minors and orphans, instead of remaining ignorant and unprotected, become acquainted with the arts and sciences, and are fitted for the duties of life; and to preserve such a state of usefulness, the principles of extradition should be applied. It is true that no case has been cited in which a United States Court or Judge has decided this very question, but, perhaps, it is because the master has enforced his rights by seizing his apprentice and conveying him home that this law, and that of 1793, has not been resorted to, and the want of use, or non-use, has no influence upon the construction of a plainly expressed statute.

It is equally clear, that though a Judge, in considering the case of a fugitive slave in connection with the statute, might speak only of slaves as within its purview, and another, in a case like the present, might speak only of apprentices, yet each might with propriety use the words, "a person held to labour." It is equally to be observed, that no decision has been had in which it has been held that the words of the constitution apply only to slaves. Most certainly this lad is held by a binding under a local proceeding, within the authority of any State to provide, and thereby to affect persons within her limits and subject to her jurisdiction. The marriage of a minor in Delaware, good by the law of that State, would be good everywhere else. Now, one of the objects of apprenticeship is to prevent pauperism; and a child whose parents are in another and a distant State, and who have deserted him, is a pauper, notwithstanding the fact of his having lawful protectors who do not discharge their duty to him, and the disposition of him under municipal regulations of the State in which he is deserted, is binding on him and his parents too. It cannot, however, be said that, in this case, the binding was against the father's will, for it is in proof before me that it was with the consent of the father, who sent his son to Delaware on trial, to be bound if he was liked, and sent back to that State after he was bound, when, on one occasion, he had absconded. The question, therefore, is between the father and master on this proof; and it cannot be that the father shall stand by and see his son bound in another State, to receive education and nurture, and just when

THE FUGITIVE CASE IN BOSTON.

We mentioned last week that a discovery was made in Boston that a coloured man was in confinement on board the brig 'Florence,' just arrived in that harbour from a Southern port, and that some persons, having ascertained that he was a Fugitive Slave, aided him to escape. The master of the brig, Captain Hopkins, has since given vent to his indignation in the following card:

To the Public.—The subscriber, master of brig 'Florence,' of Surry, Maine, sailed from Wilmington, N. C. June 22, for Boston; laid inside Wilmington bar till July 1. At 4 o'clock in the morning of July 10, off Nantucket, discovered a negro on board, supposed to be a runaway slave. Neither I nor my mate had seen the man before, and had no knowledge of his being on board. He called his name Pompey Williams. Arrived at Boston on Sunday, July 17, and anchored in the stream. On Monday morning came on shore, leaving instructions with the mate to keep the negro till I came on board. While I was on shore telegraphing to Wilmington and consulting the United States District Attorney, a mob of men, some of them coloured, in a yacht or pleasure boat, went alongside the 'Florence,' boarded her, and took the negro away by force, against the protestations of the mate.

Now, in view of these facts, I would ask the community whether it is probable that if I had had a white man confined on board my vessel in the same manner as the black man was, such illegal and forcible measures would have been taken to steal him away?

Boston, July 20, 1853. Amos Hopkins.

Probably the community, if it could answer Captain Hopkins's question, would tell him that if he should ever venture to confine on board his vessel a purely *white* man who was a fugitive from Slavery, with the intention of returning him to the Algerines from whom he had escaped, that the said community would send the vessel to the bottom of Boston harbour, and Captain Hopkins himself to a place which is said to be bottomless, before it would permit the perpetration of any such villainy. The Captain loses his case by the illustration with which he meant to illumine it. The Boston community, or some part of it, might venture to be indignant at the taking of a black slave out of the 'Florence,' but when the case is defended upon its legality, and on the supposition that a white man might have been so restrained of his liberty, Captain Hopkins leaves himself and his friends no ground to stand upon. He clearly had no right to confine this man on board his vessel; and if some of the poor fellow's friends chose to take him a-sailing in "a yacht or pleasure-boat," the Captain, had he been present, would have had no right to forbid it. He did not know that the man was a slave; and if he had known it, he had no authority from the master to hold him. That he is somewhat indignant is not so strange, for the escape, we understand, was very adroitly managed, and that is only an aggravation of the clear loss of a hundred or two dollars blood-money on which the patriotic Captain was probably calculating. As he missed his game, he had better have said nothing about it, but have gone quietly about in State street with a subscription paper to make up his loss.

☞The many friends of Wm. P. Powell, who are readers of the *Standard*, will be glad to hear of his success since his removal to Liverpool. His eldest son is studying with a physician and surgeon, two others are fitting themselves for engineers, and Mr. Powell himself is a Custom-House clerk in a large mercantile house. To "this fact concerning myself," he says, in a recent letter "I wish you would give publicity, and for this reason: I am informed by letter that some of my white and coloured friends disbelieve that I can be anything else in England than a boot-black or porter, though both are honourable occupations and I should not be ashamed of either of them, if nothing better had offered. But let me tell my incredulous friends that, in one sense, I am a boot-black, for part of my time is devoted to waiting on passengers often arriving in Liverpool by the Underground Railroad, and, in these cases, I clean their boots and give them generally a British Liberty polish. No less than five have visited me within the last five months; namely, Grandison Boyd, Charles Hill, George Washington, Alexander Everett, and Ananias Smith; the first you know; the second is from Maryland, formerly owned by Dr. Allen; the third is from Georgia; the fourth from Virginia; and the fifth, from New Orleans, was stowed away on board ship there, among the cotton bales, by the sailors." Mr. Powell's friends cannot fail to consider this as a good account of himself.

Alberti, the Kidnapper.—This notorious villain, who has been once sent to the Penitentiary for kidnapping, but from which he was released before his time was out, through the clemency of Governor Bigler, is again in trouble, on another charge of the same sort. On Saturday last, David Paul Brown, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, asked for a bench-warrant against him to answer a charge of conspiracy, in conjunction with J. Frisby Price, Robert Smith, George J. Price, John Degan, and Wm. McKinley, for carrying away a free negro, Adam Gibson, of Elkton, Maryland, with the purpose of selling him as a slave. Gibson, it will be recollected, is the young man whom Commissioner Ingraham sent back to Maryland upon the oaths of Frisby Price and others that he was a fugitive slave but the person to whom they swore he belonged refused to receive him as he was not his slave. Alberti was very active in the affair, and ferreted out and arrested Gibson. It is to be hoped that this time he will meet with his deserts, and that Pennsylvania will never have another Governor base enough to pardon him.

A Reformatory Church.—We attended, on the 30th and 31st ultimo, the Kennett (Pa.) Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends, and were much gratified with the Christian Reform spirit that pervaded the convocation. The members and friends of this new Religious Society seem bent, not upon regulating each other's creeds and building walls to separate themselves from the rest of mankind, but upon doing the *works* which Christ enjoins, and making their organization effectual for the overthrow of popular sins and the establishment of every Christian virtue. Among the subjects that came up for consideration were Intemperance and Slavery. Delegates were appointed to attend the Whole World's Temperance Convention, and resolutions passed appropriate to the Anniversary of West India Emancipation, which occurred in close proximity to the day of the meeting. Our impression is that the piety of the Progressive Friends (they possess a great measure of it) suffers no detriment, but is rather improved in its quality, in consequence of this activity in Reforms. Those who think otherwise should attend some of the meetings of this body.

The Cleveland *True Democrat* re-produces an eloquent passage from Wendell Phillips's last published speech, giving no credit, except to affix thereto the word "Selected." The whole speech was so recently and so conspicuously published in this and other papers, that we can hardly think the editor was ignorant of the source of the passage he so much admires; and yet we shrink from the suspicion that he was shabby enough to purposely withhold the proper credit. Perhaps he will explain.

☞It is said that a literary lady of Boston is preparing, from authentic and very interesting materials a memoir of Pierre Toussaint, a coloured man who recently died in this city. He was, in his youth, a slave in St. Domingo, and left there, at the time of the Revolution, with his mistress, whom he supported in this country till her death. He was, in many respects, a remarkable man.

☞A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Cleveland, Ohio, says that the Independent Democrats and Whigs of that section of the State will unite in the October election, and that a similar coalition will take place in the other parts of the State. Mr. Giddings, he says, has laboured zealously to effect such a union in his own district.

Hilary Teague, for many years the Editor of the *Liberia Herald*, died on the 21st of May last. He was an influential man in the Colony.

Appointment by the President.—Daniel E. Sickles, Esq., of New York, to be the Secretary of Legation of the United States at London.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

Our paper is put to press too early to allow us to give an account, this week, of the Flushing Celebration. Next week our readers may expect a full report.

——The *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, the able organ of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, will soon be enlarged to about the size of the *Standard* and *Liberator*. The prosperity of our Western friends is an encouraging omen.

——The Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society is to be held in Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, commencing on the 27th of August. Parker Pillsbury, and A. K. and S. S. Foster are expected to be present.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Daniel E. Sickles, a brawling Hunker, has been appointed Secretary of the American Legation to the British Court. The *Evening Post* says: "It is not to be supposed that the Executive will make no mistakes in bestowing office, but the profligacy of Sickles is so notorious that we do not see any possible room for mistake in regard to it. His personal character is such that the appointment is a disgrace to the Administration which makes it." Pretty bold talk! The same paper mentions a rumour that Governor Marcy, Secretary of State, was so sensible of the impropriety of the appointment that he declined giving his signature to the commission of Sickles, which had to be certified by another officer.

——Reports of the rampant rascality that pervades every department of the municipal government of this city have gone out over the whole country, exciting the astonishment of all, save the few who have long been aware of the hollowness of the republicanism and the rottenness of the religion that prevail in our midst. When honourable merchants turn kidnappers, and popular preachers defend Slave-catching from the Scriptures, it is only natural to look for minor evidences of a general corruption of morals. No wonder, when our pulpits, many of them at least, are filled with men who teach the loose morality of trade, and stand ready to pronounce a benediction upon Negro-catchers, that our politics become so corrupt and corrupting that good men contemplate the spectacle with grief and horror. Having sown the wind, it is meet that we should reap the whirlwind. The *Tribune*, after describing the methods by which the grog-sellers and brothel-keepers of the city control the nominations of parties, asks how the municipal officer can regard sternly the gaming-houses and brothels which did their utmost both to nominate and elect him. To do so would be to blend the ingrate with the suicide. The editor adds:

For instance: A Methodist friend met and congratulated a good brother whom he knew as a fervent exhorter at conferences, &c., on his election as an Alderman of our city. "I hope you can now do something for temperance, morality, &c., in the ward," suggested the unsophisticated congratulator. "Why," replied the new-fledged dignitary, "*the Temperance men did nothing for me.*" That, to his mind, was reason enough for doing nothing for temperance. He must stick by those who had stuck by him. And so we go on, electing men who pray for the coming of God's kingdom and vote for that of the devil's every day of their official lives. The votes go straight to their mark, while the prayers never get above the windows of the grog-shops which these Aldermen see blazing and flaring every Sunday evening, though they know it is their express duty, or that of their dependent police, to keep them closed through each first day of the week.

——A discussion is going on in some of the city papers upon the question whether the Crystal Palace ought not to be open on Sunday, with a view to the accommodation of the poor and labouring classes, who have little time on other days to visit places of useful entertainment, and to attract some of the loiterers from the various groggeries in the vicinity. The question itself is foreign to our columns, but a writer in the *Tribune*, who takes the affirmative, in replying to the declaration of another writer to the effect that the proposition was "a cool outrage on the moral sense of the community," makes a fair hit, which we do not hesitate to copy, as follows:

It is true, that Mr. Hannot's proposition is well calculated to give a *shock* to the moral and religious sense of this community; but facts are abundantly at hand to prove that the aforesaid *sense* is so very drowsy and lifeless as to require a continual succession of far more violent shocks than that, in order to arouse it into healthy vitality. Look, for instance, at that awful fact, that in our city there are no less than six thousand man-traps, a majority of them legally licensed, to catch men, women and children, drug them to insanity, and so drive them to the commission of crimes for which the victims must be incarcerated in prisons at the public expense, or strangled to death on the gallows. Look at this fact in all its bearings, and then say, if you can, that the moral and religious sense of this community does not need a very great shock! Look at that other equally awful fact, that there are in the highest places in the Church and the State many aiders and abettors of that most inhuman statute, the Fugitive Slave Law—strenuous advocates of a devout observance of the Sabbath *day* they are, too—and then consider what must be the force of a shock sufficient to arouse *them* to a just and lively moral and religious sense. Again, look at the fact, that large masses of indigent working people of both sexes are kept at continual hard toil, without the light of knowledge or the means of education, in perpetual bondage to their daily physical necessities, and in the ever-present fear of abject want, even here in the midst of God's bounteous abundance. Contemplate but these three hideous facts, and then compare them with that golden law of Him who "spake as never man spake," "Whatsoever ye would "that men should do unto you, do you even so to "them, for this is the Law and the Prophets"—and then you may possibly comprehend that it must needs require a concentrated shock of all the thunders of Jehovah, to arouse the moral and religious sense of this community from a fixed and systematic perpetration of these horrid outrages—and all of them deemed consistent with a devout observance of the Sabbath day!

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

SACRED SOLEMNITIES IN SYRACUSE.

Correspondence of the Standard.

Dear Gay: It had not been out of mind to present you some idea of the glorious Fourth in the City of Salt, but circumstances interposing prevented. But as it cannot keep much longer, before the sacred Hunker leaven will lose its virtue, I will present you with a faint idea of the most approved method by which Syracuseans made themselves immortal, saved the Union, and helped wipe off the stain of "Auld lang syne."

The *sagesse* of our wonderful metropolis having decided that the Fourth must be celebrated, began to cast about for the means to do the matter up in style. The Common Council was induced to appropriate $250 for their portion of the fire-cracker jig, and patriotic citizens filled up the purse. A committee of arrangements was duly appointed by a little knot of half a dozen or so, constituting, on paper, a meeting of the citizens of Syracuse. After counting noses and measuring ears, it was found that Hunkers and Silver Greys made up the majority of that committee. So they resolved to make the most of their time. A defeated Silver Grey Union-saver was pitched upon for President of the day. Vice Presidents, Marshals, &c., were carefully selected of the same stripe. The pugnacious squib-slanger who nominally owns and edits the *Star* was bedecked with abundant laurels for his figuring upon this occasion. All else done and disposed of, who was to be orator? Seward was ruled out; others passed over slightingly; but as Hunkers made the feast, old Hunkerissimus was selected to speak the panegyric. Daniel S. Dickinson, the head and front of the host, keeper of the brains of the whole Guard, was called to the rescue. The sterling old patriot, the magnanimous hero of bloodless battle, consented to come hither. He came.

Fire-crackers, tumultuous bell-ringings and other uproars awoke the citizens from their rest, and they made themselves ready a fervid day to celebrate. Punctual to the time, the material for a magnificent procession assembled at the Syracuse House. Here, a brace of ex-Mayor's were found to act as masters of the ceremonies, and present all new-comers to the Presence.

At length the Marshal declared the time for the procession to have arrived, and all hands made for the steps. Carriage No. 1 took the "Reverend Clergy," three priests all told, and the rubicund-visaged Harry Baldwin, for once a Saul among the Prophets. No 2 contained the Orator and Reader and a brace of others. No. 3 had in it the "Mayor and Common Council," i. e. Dennis McCarthy and three starvation-seethed Aldermen, no other "Fathers" deigning to take part in the pantomime. No. 4 was for the Judiciary, made up of our worthy County Judge, an Ex or two, and a defeated aspirant for Bench honours, the redoubtable George F. Comstock. Next came a half dozen citizens and the Committee of Arrangements. These composed the "Procession," and at a signal off it went, nobody cared where, and the "sogers" went whistling after. It needed marshals to help on that company.

There being no more fun down town, away we all went, afoot, the shortest road for the Court House. There we balanced on fences, looked over the grounds, admired all that was admirable, when, in a couple of hours or so, on came the crowd. Presently the military followed, and we soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of witnessing the "members of the Procession" all on a stage by the side of a house, and yet there was room. Music and prayer being all performed as laid down in the programme, the great Expected began to speak. He assured his auditory that they were the freest nation under heaven, and that it was the height of impudence for Englishmen and Stafford House women to criticise them. So the Committee of Arrangements cheered. He attacked the Abolitionists, belaboured the Bloomers, ran a tilt at the spirit-rappers, blessed the Union, and quoted Scripture and poesy by wholesale. It was worth a journey to Syracuse to hear the twaddler prate. Hunkerism was in its glory, and only needed cocktails and smashes to perch it triumphant on high. Presently these were afforded.

Rain storms gathered and threatened, but came not upon that assembly. The apostle of the Hunker gospel had full time to deliver his message to a profoundly impressed people. He concluded; more music; then a benediction, and the parting multitude made way. The august procession formed once more, and were driven off by some out-of-the-way route, which eventually set them down at the Syracuse House.

We speak not of the innumerable beverages quaffed at the bar. We omit the roaring cannon, the exultant crackers, the playing of the fire engines—all were glorious in their way. They all helped to save the Union from Abolition and Bloomer perils, and that was for them glory enough.

Dinner was at last prepared, and the hungry patriots hastened to the feast of the gods. Viands came in, and also aided in the great work. If brave eating and deep drinking can preserve our glorious Union, it need not tremble. The repast over, thirteen regular toasts were read off, and answered by music. But what *diablerie* was in coction cannot be found out; it must suffice to say that the President was honoured by a dirge, and others were equally awry.

The volunteers were original in their way. The great orator was toasted; the Union drank to; Hon. H. B. Stanton gave 'The head of the Onondago Bar, an honest man,' which was acknowledged by B. D. Dixon, an old Webster Whig, who modestly tried to share the honour with that pure and spotless patriot, Gen. Lawrence. This last named worthy was maddily eloquent and witty upon Women's Rights people, and indignant at Stafford House, which he annihilated by a toast. Thus far the Union-savers played the comedy all their own way. Hunkerdom was in ecstasy; Pandemonium was filled with rejoicing.

But the Death's Head was at the feast. With all their effort, it would appear. Despite their labour to show how perfect the Union was, they kept constantly thinking of the blotch of which they would not speak. The more strict their silence, the more intensely they would think.

Mayor McCarthy was called out. His remarks showed that, although in miserable company, he had not forgot himself. He seized the beast by the horns and made him cower. After paying a glowing compliment to the orator, he remarked that of one point of difference he would speak. When Native Americanism sought to meet the exile from foreign oppression and hurl him back into the surging Atlantic, he made up his mind to aid and bless the fugitive from despotism, come from where he might; and if called to aid in his rendition, would turn his face to the wall and take the consequences. There was cheering then; and it showed the People's heart. The Hunker stratagem was signally rebuked.

The details of the residue of the proceedings are not worth the recounting. The daily papers made them out, and now, as if to complete the pyramid of foolery, they obtained a copy of the "Oration" and printed it in all their columns. The illegible copy of the *Star* was as good as any, for not one citizen in one thousand in all Onondago County will ever read the thing. I send it to you, to be preserved in your antiquarian collection.

The trial of McGuire for the murder of Holland has resulted in a conviction and sentence; but it will never be carried out. Perhaps sometime the advocates of human brotherhood and human progress will succeed in setting forever aside this barbarism of judicial murder. But not yet. Our institutions, our business relations and social life, are based upon human Slavery, human degradation, oppression, violence and wrong. Perhaps they are the best, considering that this people's hearts are so hard that the Lord has given them statutes which are not good, and judgments by which they shall not live. But from the pietism, the moral code, the social system, the frauds, oppressions and cruelties everywhere extant, which are inflicted upon us as a judgment for our sins, may the good Lord deliver us.

We had a Christian Union Convention in June. It proved to be a confused noise, no two of the same dialect. But much was said, and the matter ended within a few steps of the point at which it commenced.

But in the main our city has been still. The old things pass; for, despite its reputation, Syracuse is not very ultra. There are few progressives here. There are talkers in abundance; but those who put shoulders to the work are relatively few. But probably ten righteous men live here somewhere, and so our city of the plain sinks not into a lake of asphaltum. When we are convinced that that precise number are not here, we being the righteous Lots, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, shall pack up our traps and make vigorous headway for the mountain.

If there is anything worth chronicling, you may hear from me anon. Phi.

Syracuse, July 26, 1853.

SUMMARY.

The farm of the late Henry Clay is advertised in the Lexington *Observer* for sale.

Robert Bunch, Esq., British Consul at Philadelphia, has, with the permission of his government, exchanged with Mr. Mathew, the late consul at Charleston.

Gov. McClelland, Secretary of the Interior, has returned from his visit to Michigan, and is now at his post in Washington.

The population of Mexico is given, as—Indians, 4,345,886; half-castes, &c., 2,165,345; negroes, 6,6000; whites, 1,100,000. Total, 7,626,831. The total number who knew how to read and write when the census was taken was 653,069, including 87,229 Indians.

A number of merchants, under-writers, shipmasters, and others of this city, have presented to Capt. Maury in commendation of his wind and current charts, five thousand dollars in bonds of the New Haven Railroad, and a service of plate.

The *Tribune* is informed that the Bacchanalian circle drawn around the Crystal Palace, does not turn out as a whole a good speculation. The people that visit the premises do so with a dignified sentiment of artistic and industrial inquiry, and they prefer to go sober.

The "spiritualists" of Illinois are to have a convention at Farmington on the 20th of next month. One Everett informs the *Spiritual Telegraph* that "spirits make themselves visible to the bodily eye in Dover, Athens Co., Ohio." According to Mr. E. they play music, cure disease, and talk "in an audible human voice."

Lost Baggage.—The Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad Company advertise in the *Commercial*, published at Monroe, Michigan, a list of one hundred and ninety-four packages of unclaimed baggage. These packages consist of trunks, valises, chests, bandboxes, oxyokes, wagons, bedsteads, barrels, cupboards—even down to a jug of boiled cider. They are to be sold on the 1st of September next, if not claimed.

Editorial Accession.—Dr. Joseph Moyer, a vigorous Anti-Slavery man, has assumed the management of the Doylestown (Penn.) *Olive Branch*. The Coudersport *Journal* says: "We look upon his introduction into the editorial chair as a new era in the history of Free Democracy in Eastern Pennsylvania. Dr. Moyer goes into the editorial chair in consequence of the new life given to our cause in Eastern Pennsylvania by the Harrisburg Convention."

More Jails Empty.—Why?—The Burlington (Vt.) *Courier* says that last year when the present jailor took charge of the jail, there were seven in its cells, and that there have since been, at different times, thirty others; but now, since the Vermont Maine Law has had time to produce its legitimate effects, locks and keys are useless, as the jail is without a tenant. This is the third jail in Vermont which has been emptied by the new prohibitory liquor law, and the Editor very properly adds: "The simple truth is, the sale of "liquor peoples jails—prohibiting its sale empties them—"and it is in the power of the people to say which they will have."

Freeman, the alleged fugitive, is still in jail at Indianapolis—has to pay $3 a day "for a guard" at that. This is a little the coolest outrage we have lately heard of. Send a man to jail, and then compel him to pay for being kept there! We have heard of vagabond white men being sent to jail to work out a fine—50c. or 75c. a day being paid them until the fine was paid and justice satisfied. But a coloured man, guilty of no crime under heaven, but simply claimed as a fugitive from service, is compelled to hire the guard that keeps him in prison. This is the most aggravated when we consider that bonds in any sum were offered to the proper officer to secure him against loss by the escape of Freeman.—*New Castle Banner.*

A Strange Indian.—A coloured man, with a fine head of curly negro hair and with all the other peculiar marks of the African, was arrested a few days ago and taken before the Mayor, who ordered him to appear before the Hustings Court, to show cause why he was going at large without free papers. On Friday he appeared before that court, and produced evidence that he was an Indian. The laws of this State are so essentially different in respect to Indians and negroes that we state this fact as one of some importance. If this man is an Indian there are probably thousands of the same sort in Virginia, making it the duty of the Legislature to define how far the admixture of the Indian with the negro may be carried before the identity of the races is lost.—*Richmond Inquirer, June 18.*

The *Journal of Commerce* has the following in its editorial column, without comment:

"Lynch Law.—A slave belonging to H. France, of Pettis Co., Missouri, was pulicly burnt on the 13th inst., for murdering the wife of John Rains, under the most aggravated circumstances; and his master was ordered out of the State for conniving at the crime."

It seems that Mr. H. France connived at the negro's crime. What connive means, the relative position, intelligence and incentives of the parties, all considered, does not appear. It would be perhaps correct to say that Mr. France instigated the crime, but be that as it may, the extremest cruelties are inflicted on an ignorant wretch of a slave, and his co-partner and at the least, coequal in guilt, a free white man, with all the advantages of education, social rank, and knowledge of right from wrong, is simply ordered to quit the State by the sovereign mob.

That such a circumstance can be pusilanimously inserted by a Cotton Press, without a word of comment, quite explains the life and adventures of Judas Iscariot.—*Tribune.*

South Carolina Police.—Col. Perry, editor of the Greenville (S. C.) *Patriot*, writes from Washington:

On board the Wilmington steamer, a servant came to me, whilst engaged in reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and told me the captain desired me to present my ticket. I obeyed his order, and presented myself before the captain of the steamer. He inquired my name, which I gave him, with my ticket purchased at Weldon. He then asked my age. I replied, that it was none of his business. He insisted, and said that he had to report every passenger to the City Council of Charleston, with their age, residence, and place of birth, under a penalty of one thousand dollars; and moreover, he had to forfeit that amount if any of the passengers became paupers within twelve months.

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "you are in a bad box if that is your situation; for I fear one half of them are paupers already. You are a ruined man, sir, and your company is bankrupt, even now. It would be well to 'bout your steamer and put back to Wilmington."

This inquisition, says the Raleigh (N. C.,) *Register*, complained of by one of the chivalry, must be laid to the door of his own State. It is a part of that system of Chinese exclusion, which seeks to reduce everything to the level of her own institutions, and, under the pretence of State security, to pry into the private business and motives of every traveller.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Flax Culture in Indiana.—Mr. R. T. Brown, of Crawfordsville, in a communication to Gov. Wright, President of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, says:

"I send you enclosed a few samples of 'Flax Cotton,' presented to me by the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, of Layfayette. Mr. Ellsworth has secured the machinery necessary for the manufacture of cotton, and will have it in operation early in the season. He has on hand the 'stem' grown on 120 acres last season, which, from experiments already made, will, he supposes, yield about 300 pounds per acre of cotton, similar to No. 2 of the enclosed specimens. The expense of reducing the fibre to this state, after the stem is produced, is about two cents per pound, which, at the usual price for cotton (10c.), will leave eight cents per pound, or $24 per acre for the farmer who produces it. To this must be added the value of the seed, which will range from $6 to $8 per acre—giving a final result of $30 at least for each acre. This is Mr. Ellsworth's calculation; it may be too high; but if we allow for the magnifying effect of his zeal one-third, or even one-half, still flax would be as profitable a crop, in proportion to the amount of labour required to produce it, as any of the staples of the country."

Who Pays for Heating the Poker?—Once upon a time (as the story tellers say), a Frenchman heated a poker red hot and insisted on running it down an Englishman's throat twelve inches. The "claim" was resisted; the Frenchman yielded two inches—he would run it down only *ten* inches. Still the Englishman was stubborn; the Frenchman fell to *six*—to *four*—to *one* inch, when the Englishman swore it should not go into his mouth at all—"Then pay the expense of heating the poker," demanded the Frenchman.

So it is in the prosecutions under the Fugitive Slave Law. At Indianapolis, the law has seized upon a negro man, placed him in jail while the poker is being heated, and the U. S. Marshal, John L. Robinson, demands of the captive *three dollars per day* "to pay expenses." It is certainly charitable and praiseworthy in Mr. Robinson to allow the negro man the privilege of remaining in Indianapolis jail, to be near his wife, children and friends, at the low price of three dollars per day. We copy the following paragraph from the *Free Democrat*, of Indianapolis:

"Freeman is still in in this city. We understand that the Marshall has consented that he may remain here so long as he (Freeman) will pay three dollars a day for a guard. The proposition of counsel to give bond in any amount to secure him against loss by the escape of Freeman, and other propositions, which we have not time now to notice, were rejected."—*Madison Courier.*

Invaluable Improvement.—A contributor to the Boston *Transcript* writes the following account of an improvement which is soon to be introduced for public favour. He says:

"To prevent the noise and din of omnibusses and other carriages on their way through the streets, has long been a great desideratum; and the public will be rejoiced to be informed, that a mode to accomplish so important an object has at length been obtained. The improvement is said to have emanated from a practical engineer, and to be applicable to all sorts of vehicles for the common roads. By a proper arrangement and connection of the doors and windows on the part of the manufacturer, the shaking and rattle, generally so peculiar to them may, readily be avoided. But to get rid of the wheels as they strike against the pavements, has hitherto been considered almost an impossibility. This, we learn, may now be accomplished in the most simple and effective manner. All that is necessary is merely to cover the rims with india rubber tires, of from an inch and a half in thickness, according to circumstances. At first it was thought that the India rubber would lack strength and durability. But being expressly prepared for the purpose, it is asserted that it will not only retain its place and elasticity, but endure for an almost incredible time. In a coach with such wheels, the sensation is described to be like that which one might expect to experience in riding over a road composed of layers of velvet; and we may add that the first person who will introduce such a model of a coach or omnibus into this city, may be sure to reap a rich reward for his enterprise."

Mining.—The Northern (California) mines, unquestionably, are inexhaustable, and will be good for a long time to come for $2 to $8 per day. Call the average $5 per day, which is rather high; a person who has his health may calculate on labouring five days in the week, the season together; at the close of the week he will have $25. Deduct from this his board bill, $10 if he boards himself ($15 if he hires his board), $5 for water to wash his gold, $2 for wear and tear of clothes, $1 for sharpening tools, $2 for liquor (which is a low estimate), and $5 is the remainder! If he be of an excitable temperament and fond of gaming, he will find plenty of opportunities to bet on cock-fights, mule-races, &c., almost any time, and *always* on Sunday! and five chances to two (if he is little green) he will not lose what remains. Not more than one in every ten make anything extra, while the majority lay up nothing! Many come here inflated with the idea that they can take out their pile in a year or 18 months at longest, and then return to their anxious wives and families to display gold rings, watches, and, in fine, to revel in the most extravagant and voluptuous enjoyment. But, I need not add, such are "hallucinations of "moon-struck imaginations." The close observer of human nature can see a painful expression of Acquisitiveness depicted on their countenances; once they looked like men, but now the physiognomies favour the goat's. All desiring to profit by coming here, had better make calculation to stay several years, pursue the ordinary business course, and they will be more likely to succeed.

Case of Supposed Kidnapping in Providence.—A very light mulatto girl, between four and five years of age, the daughter of Elizabeth Green, disappeared from her mother's residence in Wickenden street, on Wednesday, the 13th ult., in a very mysterious manner. The prominent facts in the case are these: On the Sunday previous, there came to a coloured boarding house in the neighbourhood of the child's residence, a large, well-dressed mulatto woman who said she was from the South. A coloured woman by the name of Munroe, living in the house adjoining that of Elizabeth Green, occasionally worked in the boarding house, and was in the habit of carrying this child there with her. Once or twice, between Sunday and Wednesday, this southern woman saw the child, expressed her admiration of its beauty, and desired to possess it.

On Wednesday the woman left Providence in the mid-day train, either for Boston or Worcester, it is not ascertained which, and the child, who had been dressed at the suggestion of this woman, by Mrs. Munroe, was missed soon after. The police have been on the search for a number of days, but can obtain no clue to the whereabouts of the woman or child. The hackman who took the woman from the boarding house to the cars, stated, when first questioned about the matter, that there was a child with her, but upon further questioning says there was no child. Whether bribery and conspiracy have been employed in this transaction, we are unable to determine. The woman, before she departed, said she was going to Canada; but this is believed to be a mere *ruse* to cover her retreat in the opposite direction. The police are on the alert, and may ferret out the guilty parties.—*Providence Freeman.*

The Price of Flesh.—The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Journal* has the following:

"*High Price of Negroes.*—We know not to what cause to attribute it, but better prices have been offered by traders for this description of property, than we have ever before known. Negro fellows, of very ordinary appearance, are bringing $1,000 very readily. Women are selling for very large prices, varying from $700 to $1,000. Boys weighing about fifty pounds can be sold for about $500. This is the time for selling, if any one is so disposed."—*Anderson Gazette.*

"We would also remark that about the same state of things exists in this town, and the prospect is, that negroes are going still higher. We know of one broker (Mr. M. Oonly) who sold a number of negroes last week, men and women, at prices ranging from $825 to $1,200; and we learn that he has also sold men, without any trade, as high as $1,300. It really seems that there is to be no stop to the rise. This species of property is at least 30 per cent. higher now (in the dull season of the year) than it was last January, when everybody seemed to be in the market making preparations for the present year. What negroes will bring next January, it is impossible for mortal man to say. An intimate acquaintance of ours had occasion on Saturday last to buy a house girl, and the price was only the small sum of $1,000."

That nigger boys weighing only 50 lbs. should fetch $500 a piece, shows that human flesh when young and tender is worth $10 a pound, though it is not usual to sell it so, out of the Fejee Islands. That those ordinary looking niggers should fetch $1,000, who probably weigh on the average 150 lbs., proves that their flesh is worth hardly $7 a pound, the odds being the difference as to toughness. Women weighing say 130 lbs. and fetching $1,200 is a fair price a pound: their flesh is tender again. Altogether the prices are extraordinarily favourable for the slave pens.

The North Carolina papers have given us brilliant accounts of the celebration of the Fourth of July. Toasts respecting liberty and the freedom of the press as usual—*Tribune*

Women's Rights in Massachusetts.—On the 12th ult., in the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts, in Committee of the Whole, the report that it is inexpedient to act on the petition of several parties, that women may vote, was taken up.

Mr. Greene, of Brookfield, opposed the report, contending that women, being capable of giving or withholding their assent to the acts of government, should, upon every principle of justice and equality, be permitted to participate in its administration. He denied that men were of right the guardians or trustees of women, since they had not been appointed, but had usurped that position. Women had inherent natural rights as a portion of the people, and they should be permitted to vote in order to protect those inherent rights.

Mr. Keyes, for Abington, paid a warm tribute to the virtues and abilities of the fairer sex, and was willing to concede that they were to some extent oppressed and denied their rights, but he did not believe the granting of the privileges these petttioners claimed would tend to elevate or ameliorate their condition. Woman exerted greater power by the exercise of her feminine graces and virtues, which she would lose the moment she should step beyond her proper sphere, and mingle with the affairs of State.

Mr. Whitney, of Boylston, believed that the same reasoning that would deny the divine right of kings to govern men without their consent, would also deny a similar right of men over women. The Committee had given the best of reasons for granting the prayer of the petitioners, and then reported that they had leave to withdraw. He proceeded to expatiate on the grievances to which women are subjected, and concluded by moving as an amendment to the report, "that the prayer of the petitioners ought to be granted."

The Committee then rose, and had leave to sit again.

Wednesday, the first business of importance was the taking up in Committee of the reports, leave to withdraw, relative to giving certain privileges to women. Question on the amendment of Mr. Whitney, of Boylston, to amend the conclusion of the reports, by inserting, "that the prayer of the petitioners be granted,"

Debate ensued on the subject, between Messrs. Marvin of Winchendon, and Kingman of West Bridgewater, when the question was taken, and Mr. Whitney's amendment rejected.

Mr. Marvin then moved to substitute "inexpedient to act," for "leave to withdraw," which was adopted.

The Committee then rose, and recommended the adoption of the report as amended, by a vote of 108 to 44.

A Gallant Man of Colour.—On Thursday a meeting of the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck was held at the offices, John street, Adelphi, the Duke of Northumberland, K. G., President, in the chair.

The silver medal of the Institution was voted to Robert Sand, a man of colour, master of the wrecking schooner Oracle, in consideration of his noble exertions in saving, under divine providence, 160 persons from the emigrant ship William and Mary, of Bath, Maine, bound from Liverpool to New Orleans, which was wrecked on the 2d May last, off the Bahama Islands. It appears that these islands are surrounded by extensive coral reefs, situated at the mouth of the Gulf Stream, and are, during the winter months, the dread of mariners bound to and from New Orleans, no less than three emigrant ships having been wrecked there during the past winter. The ship William and Mary, having been observed by Sands to strike on one of these reefs, he immediately bore down to her assistance, and found the poor emigrants using every exertion to keep her afloat, and discovered that, with the exception of two men, they had been cruelly deserted by the captain and the sailors, who, he adds, to the horror and consternation of the unfortunate people, had taken with him all the ship's boats. Seeing that the ship was rapidly sinking, Sands and his brave crew, who were, like him, men of colour, set to work, without loss of time, at the pumps, while a portion of the women and children were being embarked on board his vessel. This having been speedily done, he placed the schooner under the charge of his brother, with directions to take her to the nearest land, he himself remaining on board the sinking ship with the almost frantic people, and patiently awaiting his brother's return to take them off, which took place just before the ship went down head foremost, two men narrowly escaping with their lives by jumping into the schooner's boat. Had not Sands gallantly gone off in the first instance, without having the least knowledge of the inhuman conduct of the master and his crew, 160 poor creatures must have perished; we therefore hope that he will also receive a suitable acknowledgment for his humanity and intrepidity from the British and American Governments.—*English Paper.*

The Fight with Runaway Negroes.—W. T. Tillinghast, former editor of the *Empyrean*, the Free Soil organ of this County, is now publishing a Locofoco paper in Maysville, Kentucky, called the *Weekly Express*, from which we take the following interesting history of a recent "hunt" by some Kentuckians into a portion of our State. Strange how the difference of location will affect the minds of men! For the sake of consistency we would advise Free Soil editors to keep North of Mason & Dixon's line.

"We noticed in our last, the flight of slaves belonging to Dr. Dowell, E. Pierce, and L. Dobyns. Pursuit was made by Dr. L. McDowell, E. Pierce, Mr. Lanham of Kentucky, and Messrs. Taylor and Dummins of Ohio.

"McDowell, Lanham and Taylor came upon the negroes at the bridge over Rattlesnake Creek on the Petersburg and Greenfield Road, about 10 o'clock at night, accompanied by a white man. The negro men—two in number—were each armed with a rifle, and run some thirty paces, wheeled and fired. The pursuing party returned the fire, and at the second fire, Pierce's negro girl cried out that she was shot, but continued to run, and upon the fourth, McDowell's boy was wounded, Dobyns's boy was caught, and after an obstinate fight was secured. The white man was also caught and beaten in a very severe manner, with a club. It being dark, pursuit was given until morning, when the fugitive negroes were tracked a mile and a half by the blood. The white man had not reached home when the party returned, and strong hopes are entertained that he will die. The wounded negroes were not secured, but Dobyns's boy was brought back in triumph to this place, and lodged in jail, much bruised and cut in the affray.

"The gentlemen who accompanied McDowell and Pierce deserve much credit for the firmness with which they acted throughout the pursuit and recontre, and Kentuckians can congratulate themselves that one negro stealing scoundrel has gotten his deserts. It is time that we should begin to visit a fearful retributive justice upon those who trample all law under foot, persist in disturbing our existing social relations, and attempt to deprive us of our property."

What undaunted courage. What magnificent sport. Five stalwart men pursued and wounded a boy and a girl! Boy caught and secured. Boy brought back in triumph. Negro girl tracked a mile and a half by the blood. Strong hopes entertained that the white man will die. Deprive *us* of *our* property! Well, that is rich.—*Wilmington (O.) Republican, July 22.*

Eighteenth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.

The Eighteenth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, will be opened in the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 5th of December, 1853, and will continue during the following three days. The Committee of Arrangements feel that no argument on their part can be necessary to enlist the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania in this department of labour. Its utility is fully proved; its necessity deeply felt. The present encouraging aspects of our enterprise should increase the energy of our efforts to bring it to its consummation. The victories already won are earnests of the final and complete triumph of Liberty over Slavery; and it is with renewed hope and strength that we address ourselves to the work of preparation for our next Fair. Its profits will be devoted, as heretofore, to the dissemination of the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, viz.: the inherent sinfulness of Slavery, and the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and to the advocacy of the truths and inculcation of the duties which are necessarily deduced from these principles.

In this work we confidently rely upon the efficient aid of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, upon whose zeal and industry the success of our Fair depends. Any co-operation or assistance from friends abroad will be gratefully received.

The Committee have selected an earlier time than usual for holding the Fair, in order that it may immediately follow the meeting which is to be held in this city in celebration of the completion of the second decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mary Grew,	Sarah Pugh,
Abby Kimber,	Huldah Justice,
Sarah L. Child,	Elizabeth Gay,
Lucretia Mott,	Mary Shaw,
Rebecca S. Hart,	Emma Parker,
Margaret Jones,	Martha Carman,
Evelina Supplee,	Elizabeth Carman,
Gulielma M. Jones,	Jennette Jackson,
Hannah Haydock,	Margaretta Forten,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Lydia White,
Mary T. Stickney,	Elizabeth J. Lewis,
Sarah A. McKim	Harriet D. Purvis
Sarah M. Douglas,	Anna M. Hopper,
Clementine G. Ruby	Maria M. Davis,
Mary M. Jennings,	Emily W. Taylor,
Rebecca Plumly,	Hannah Steele,
Mary A. Hall,	Mary Teese,
Mary A. W. Johnson,	Anne Parker,
Susan W. Shaw,	Hester Reckless,
Martha Kimber,	Anna M. Child,
Elizabeth Clendennon,	Sarah Kendrliene,
Elizabeth Davis,	Gertrude K. Burleigh.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

The next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply personally, or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty. David J. Johnson, M. D.,
229 Arch st. Philadelphia.

TWENTIETH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1853.

The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in once more addressing their friends and fellow-labourers, for the purpose of entreating a warmer sympathy and a more effective co-operation in their proposed movement, beg leave to submit a few suggestions which they trust may have a tendency to produce that result.

Twenty years have passed away since the first Fair to aid in the Abolition of American Slavery was held in the City of Boston. Twenty years of labour and effort, and still we remain a slaveholding nation, our first word of repentance in a national capacity yet to be uttered, our first work of mercy yet to be done. But have these labours and efforts, of which we may, properly enough, just now, consider this Bazaar an exponent, accomplished nothing? Only the childishly thoughtless or the wilfully false can venture to reply in the negative.

The battle has not been won; it has not even been fought; but the outposts have been carried, and the field, with its embattled hosts, lies plainly before us. Massacre of the Masters, slaves contented and happy, amalgamation of Races, Colonisation, and similar fallacies—these are the refuges of lies which the Abolitionists have swept away, and the issue between them and their opponents is narrowed to the simple question of material success and self-interest. The creed of the Pro-Slavery party is expressed in two lines,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The blood-cemented prosperity which should be its shame, is coolly adduced, in argument, as ample justification for continuance in crime.

Hence, no talk of *Gradualism* now obstructs our way. Kindly propositions in its behalf, from distant friends of the slave, ignorant of the essential diabolism which is the animating spirit of the Slave institution of this country, meet, from the Slaveholding South and Pro-Slavery North alike, as bitter and unscrupulous an opposition as was ever meted out to the most energetic demand ever made for Immediate Abolition. The slaveholders understand perfectly that the concessions of marriage, family ties, the Bible, are, in effect, emancipation. They have never been granted where men were held as property, for the very good reason that any such concession lays the axe to the root of so audacious and abominable a claim.

So many sophistries and fallacies being removed, the Abolitionists then may congratulate themselves that they are now in direct collision with the consciences and hearts of the people. In many respects, their chance of success is better than ever before. Another generation is entering upon the duties and responsibilities of life, who, however thoughtless and indifferent to the great question of their age, are not and cannot be as were their fathers when it first met *them*, "in darkness that might be felt," and cased in such armour of prejudice, that Truth herself might well nigh deem them invincible.

The leaders, too, of the Pro-Slavery hosts, alike in the State and the Church, are, day by day, called from their unholy warfare to give their account for the deeds done in the body, and, mercifully, to a very considerable extent, their inhuman influence dies with them. Men may mourn when the confessors of Truth and Mercy depart, but their mantles fall on others; but when the Statesmen who have voted for, and the Ministers who have preached for, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are summoned hence, a crowd of the weak and wavering, who would not have been so base and cruel but for the influence of a firmer and superior mind, breathe freer, are measurably released from their thraldom and rendered accessible to better influences.

The signs of the times abroad as well as at home offer tokens of encouragement. In foreign lands, an agitation has been aroused which will never, we trust, again slumber. Christendom owes it to the name by which it is called to rally on this question. There has never been so vast a one submitted to its consideration; but, God be thanked, its simplicity is equal to its magnitude, and Monarchist and Republican, Catholic and Protestant, nay, though we have spoken of Christendom, Heathendom itself may see written, as with letters of light, on the Heavens, that it is indeed "a wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man," and doubly wild and doubly guilty when this phantasy controls the sentiment and shapes the action of a great and self-governing nation.

Apart from these and other general causes of encouragement, the Managers of the Bazaar, and those co-operating with them, may find special stimulus to exertion in the fact that the present arrangements of the American Anti-Slavery Society are such as to render an increased success of this undertaking more desirable, we might almost say imperative, than ever before.

The Receipts of the Bazaar are devoted to the sustentation of the Parent Society and its organ, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in the City of New York. There, in the very focus of pro-slavery opposition, a banner in behalf of the perishing slave has been raised, and its triumph will be in some measure commensurate with the supplies that this movement may be enabled to furnish.

The details of the Bazaar are so well understood that we feel any particular specifications unnecessary.

We cordially invite the assistance of every lover of Freedom, pledging ourselves to all such for a conscientious fulfilment of all the duties that our present position imposes on us.

Donations of any kind, either in manufactured articles, materials for manufacture or money, will be gratefully received by any of the Managers whose names and addresses are subjoined, or any further information that may be requested will be cheerfully given.

Anne Warren Weston, Weymouth, Mass.
Ann Greene Phillips, Essex street, Boston.
Helen E. Garrison, 8 Dix Place, Boston.
Louisa Loring, 27 State street, Boston.
Mary May, 4 Franklin Place, Boston.
Sarah Russell May, Leicester, Mass.
Maria Weston Chapman, care of Messrs. Green & Co., Paris, France.
Caroline Weston, " "
Mary Gray Chapman.
Henrietta Sargent, 156 Tremont street, Boston.
Frances Mary Robbins, Brush Hill, Milton.
Eliza Lee Follen.
Susan C. Cabot.
Thankful Southwick, Danvers, Mass.
Sarah H. Southwick, Portland, Maine.
Caroline F. Williams, 75 Southac street, Boston.
Mary H. Jackson, 1071 Washington street, Boston.
Elizabeth Gay, 142 Nassau street, New York.
Charlotte S. Sargent, 70 Dover street, Boston.
Sarah S. Russell, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mass.
Sarah Blake Shaw.
Eliza F. Eddy, 7 Hollis street, Boston.
E. C. Von Arnim, 18 South street, Boston.
Mary Willey.
Evelina A. S. Smith, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mass.
Ann Rebecca Bramhall, 47 Milk street, Boston.
Lydia Parker, Exeter Place, Boston.
Maria Lowell, Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.
Abby Francis, " "

The Man of a Thousand Years.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

A True Life.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

This thrilling work is the biography of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. His deeds of philanthropy and mercy, covering a period of nearly four-score years, endeared him not only to the thousands who were the immediate participants of his beneficence, but to all who knew him.

His was a charity the most expansive. It was not confined to the *popular* channels of the day, but exerted itself among the most degraded and abandoned, regardless of colour or condition. In the cities of Philadelphia and New York, where his active life was mostly spent, thousands upon thousands can bear testimony to his nobleness of soul, and his entire devotion to the interests of suffering humanity.

With truth he may be called the HOWARD OF AMERICA. Mrs. Child having spent several years in his family, and being perfectly familiar with his history, of all others, was the person to write "A TRUE LIFE" of the noble man, and her task has been performed in her best manner.

"A True Life" *indeed* was the life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, and Mrs. Child has presented it *truly*. Scarcely a citizen of Philadelphia or New York but was familiar with his form and features, as he was seen from day to day tripping through the great thoroughfares and threading the narrow lanes and by-ways, searching out the wayward and the wandering, that he might rescue them from crime and degradation, and administer comfort and solace and heavenly charities to the distressed and suffering. The poor, hunted, fugitive slave found in him a friend ever ready and never weary.

We intend to publish this work early in August. It will make an elegant 12mo. of about 500 pages, with a full length portrait and a medallion likeness, on steel, of Mr. Hopper. Retail price, $1.25, bound in cloth.

At the time of the death of the venerable and excellent man, numerous notices appeared in papers of all parties and sects. We make a few extracts:

From the New York Observer.

The venerable Isaac T. Hopper, whose placid, benevolent face has so long irradiated almost every public meeting for doing good, and whose name, influence and labours have been devoted with an apostolic simplicity and constancy to humanity, died on Friday last, at an advanced age. He was a Quaker of that early sort illustrated by such philanthropists as Anthony Benezet, Thomas Clarkson, Mrs. Fry, and the like.

He was a most self-denying, patient, loving friend of the poor, and the suffering of every kind; and his life was an unbroken history of beneficence. Thousands of hearts will feel a touch of grief at the news of his death; for few men have so large a wealth in the blessings of the poor, and the grateful remembrance of kindness and benevolence, as he.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Isaac T. Hopper was a man of remarkable endowments, both of head and heart. His clear discrimination, his unconquerable will, his total unconsciousness of fear, his extraordinary tact in circumventing plans he wished to frustrate, would have made him illustrious as the general of an army; and these qualities might have become faults if they had not been balanced by an unusual degree of conscientiousness and benevolence. He battled courageously, not from ambition, but from an inborn love of truth. He circumvented as adroitly as the most practised politician; but it was always to defeat the plans of those who oppressed God's poor—never to advance his own self-interest.

Farewell, thou brave and kind old Friend! The prayers of ransomed ones ascended to Heaven for thee, and a glorious company have welcomed thee to the Eternal City.

On a plain block of granite, at Greenwood Cemetery, is inscribed:

ISAAC T. HOPPER,
BORN DECEMBER 3D, 1771,
ENDED HIS PILGRIMAGE MAY 7TH, 1852.

"Thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind."

We shall publish 5,000 copies for the first edition. Early orders from the trade are solicited. It is a book which will have an immense sale, scarcely inferior to the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, for in thrilling interest it is not behind that world-renowned tale.

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Boston, July, 1853. jy30

Miscellaneous Department.

SLAVE-HUNTS IN THE SAHARA.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

From the bondman, trembling under a scourge in the American plantations, we sometimes turn to Africa, the mother of bondage, who forges chains for her own children. Of the iron dug from her own mountains these fetters are made, and the tribes of the sons of Tubal Cain beat and shape them on her own soil. In the solitude of those central deserts man keeps the gate open to his enemy. The sword never found a passage thither. Nothing but gold ever penetrated the Sahara. Its dwellers were never conquered by an Alexander or a Cæsar, but any truckling kidnapper can corrupt them. It is a bitter witness to the broken faith of man with man, to see creatures born under the pledge of a common compact and natural law betraying and degrading one another; but the most miserable sight in the whole dark range of human debasement is that of the beginning of the slave's sorrows. He is pitiable when he has grown in servitude, but still more pitiable when the anklets and manacles are new and bright upon his limbs, when liberty still lingers in his thoughts, like the sweetest taste of childhood, and he is torn from home, casting a longing, wretched, hopeless look behind.

Remote in the wilderness of Central Africa Slavery brings forth its offspring. There, among beautiful hills and oases, watered by delicious springs, with date-groves shading hamlets which seem all pleasantness and peace, mothers nurse the young brood which is to pine and toil, and perish, in the sugar or tobacco grounds of Cuba or the Western Continent.

A great belt of populous country stretches across the desert, which spreads over the central region of Africa, and was by the ancients compared, with its tawny surface and spots of hill and verdure, to a leopard's skin. Four great kingdoms are situated upon this populous belt—Wadai, Bournou, Soudan, and Timbuctoo, whence four caravan tracks lead down across sandy and stony wastes to the Barbary coast. Lesser kingdoms lie round about, each in an oasis of its own; and from all of these come annually to the sea trains of captured slaves, to be sold in the cities and ports, while others go westward to supply the traders who ply to the shores of Cuba. Ivory, ostrich feathers, senna, wax and indigo are also brought down; but this legitimate traffic is comparatively small, of recent growth, and never likely to become important without diminishing or extinguishing the commerce in human beings.

Melancholy everywhere, the slave system is most melancholy in Central Africa. For, in those distant countries, defended on all sides by deserts, and only made accessible by the cupidity of man, we perceive the slave in his original home, enjoying that happiness which harmonizes with his nature, and is interrupted by the stealth or violence of the kidnapper.

We may choose a city of the once famous and mysterious kingdom of Bournou—the city of Zinder, buried deep in the centre of Africa; it is picturesquely situated amid undulations of green hills, with sprinkles of gigantic knolls. Meadows lie around it without fences, and corn-stacks and granaries stand in the open country without bolt or guard, illustrating a feeling of honour among these "mighty hunters" of their fellow-men. About twenty thousand people dwell here in habitations which are scattered over a vast space of ground. A conical hill, or a block of granite, marks each separate quarter. Circular walls of matting, enclosing a number of huts, or mud-houses, denote the residence of a chieftain, while irregular clusters show where the inferior qualities of the population are congregated. At sunset, one or two hundred vultures fly in a circle over the city, and clean it from refuse collected in the day. There are two weekly markets, when cattle, camel, sheep, flesh, fish, wheat, honey, hotkabobs and sweet potatoes are exposed for sale, besides merchandise and slaves. Fruit and vegetables, of the most cooling kinds, are brought from gardens which pleasantly encircle Zinder, and thus a strange nation passes a strange but unromantic life.

The great trade of the kingdom is in slaves, who are classed in a peculiar manner; the men are assorted into those who have a beard, those who have none, and those who have a beard beginning; while the women are valued according to the size and shape of their bosoms. The best of them go to the city of Niffee, to be there shipped for America. There is an immense traffic in these slaves, who are exchanged for American goods, which are to be found in these markets more abundantly than those of any other country. The chief slave-hunters in these kingdoms are, of course, the kings themselves. Some of them go out once a year, others once a month, and on various pretences, though many avow openly the purposes of their expedition. Formerly, when the rulers were Moslems, and the people idolaters, a religious cry covered the shame of the kidnapper, but the whole population became Mohammedan, and then the faithful hunted the faithful as savagely as they had before hunted the Kaffirs or infidels! Their common plan is this: A chief foments a quarrel with some town or village within his territories, upon some affair of taxation, and then, to vindicate his rights, marches forth and captures all the inhabitants. In order to enjoy this privilege, he pays a tribute to the Great Sheikh, or Lord of Bournou.

A regular razzia, or slave-hunt in the Sahara, is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the operations invented by man to obtain wealth. For some time before, there is generally a rumour in the city that this event is to take place, and great is the excitement in the bordering countries until it is known in which direction the *sarkee* or governor will march. This village is now named, and now that; but a mystery usually prevails till within a few days of the start. Meanwhile, small parties are sent out from time to time to steal "a family or two," in order to be exchanged for certain nuts which the sarkee is pleased to like. Then, perhaps a boy pilfers a little fruit. Public justice must be vindicated! He is sold in the bazaar, and not only he, but his father, mother and sisters, and perhaps the whole circle of his relations, the money being appropriated by the chief.

Gradually, however, the plan of the great razzia is completed. A thousand slaves are required—so many to be sent to the sheikh, so many to be distributed among the inferior traders, and so many to be kept by the sarkee. If a common man catches five, three belong to him, and two to his fuedal master; if he kidnaps two, each has one for his share. Thus the whole populace has an interest in the result of the expedition; and all join with hope and glee to chase the peaceful villagers of the contiguous country, and bring them home desolate in chains. Five thousand cavalry and thirty thousand bowmen assemble on a plain near the city; the drums of Zinder beat; the people shout; gaudy flags and emblems stream in the sun; and away goes the cavalcade with as much pomp and pride as Napoleon's legions winding along the heights to conquer at Marengo.

After three or four hours' ride, they usually encamp, and a market is opened for traffic in provisions. Since no women accompany the razzia, the men cook and do all the work. The first advance is often made in a direction contrary to that actually proposed to be taken—for the route of the expedition is kept a profound secret, so that an unsuspecting population may be taken by surprise. At night, the leader calls his chosen troops around him, distributes nuts among them, indicates a part of his plan, and orders the hour and the line of the next march. This is made at midnight, or as soon as the moon rises, when the whole black army is again in motion, dragging its huge length through date-groves and stubble-fields, and valleys and hills, toward some devoted town destined for the first plunder. The chief takes care not to expose himself, but marches with a body-guard, which surrounds him while a battle goes on. These warriors are covered with mattrass-stuffing to protect them against arrows and spears; while a number of "generals" direct the attack, and the archers and the shield-bearers press forward to capture or die!

After several days' journey, the army reaches a country where slaves may be caught, and disperses itself to the several cities and villages. Sometimes the people defend themselves heroically with their bows and arrows; flying to the summits of rocks, and selling their liberty dearly. Often, however, they are surprised while they are preparing their meals, or dancing, or celebrating a bridal feast; and then the enemy rush in, seize them, chain, and bear them unresistingly away. If the hamlet be girt with stockades, a garrison of expert archers may occasionally drive back the forlorn hope of the slave-hunters, but a second assault is victorious; and the dwellings are left level with the earth. The hut-doors are violently broken open; the inside is ransacked; the milk-bowls and calabashes are taken with the bows, arrows, and axes; and the ruin is next unroofed or set on fire, while the cattle, the sheep, and the goats, are swept out of every field, to swell the general booty.

Meanwhile, in Zinder, the inhabitants await eagerly the return of the hunters. These are sent out to different elevations near the city, to watch for the shadow and the dust of the homeward-marching army. At length, after an absence more or less prolonged, a cry is heard, "The sarkee is coming!" All the population throngs out to learn the truth. If he is not himself within sight, the fruits of his achievements are visible. A single horseman paces along, showing the way to a miserable train of newly-made slaves. Here comes a group of little boys, naked, fearless, playing about as though it were a holiday; then a string of mothers dragging themselves along, with babes at their breasts; then girls of various ages, some scarcely bloomed out of childhood, others ripened to matutity; then, as Richardson describes in his wonderfully-striking narrative, old men bent two-double, with the weight of many years, their trembling chins drooping towards the ground, "their poor old heads covered with white wool;" next come aged women, tottering and helping themselves along with staves, and after them stout youths, chained neck and neck together, who are huddled through the gateways, never to pass them but in bonds.

There is joy in Zinder. All day long the triumph is prolonged. Following this vanguard—the abject trophies of misery, come single cavaliers, then lines of horsemen galloping over the plain, then cavalry with drums beating, and then a body of mounted warriors, with helmets of brass and padded coats, who marched around the sarkee or sultan. At length the mass of the hunting army appears in sight, toiling along a rolling canopy of dust, and with it comes the spoil of the expedition, perhaps three thousand slaves. This is the beginning of a sorrow which is to end with insults and lashes in a plantation of Virginia.

Some of the captives taken are, after the general sale, domesticated in Zinder, or a neighbouring Bournou city. Almost every householder has one or two trained, who, from the method in which the irons are fixed on their limbs, cannot walk, but, when they are obliged to go about, move along with little jumps. No sight can be conceived more painful; but if the people will have slaves it is necessary to fetter them, because there are so many towns and retreats near, to which they could escape without difficulty, and whence they could not easily be brought back. They are exceedingly useful to their owners, who enjoy indolence and comfort through their industry; and for this reason it is, that when the slave-hunting army returns, so much delight fills the population as they salute the army with the beautiful Arabic word "Alberka!"—"blessing!" In the same spirit the Italian bandit repeats an invocation to the Virgin while he cocks his pistol!

The slaves cultivate the ground, cook food, sweep the huts, and do all kinds of menial offices for their masters, and when they offend, are punished with awful severity by them. Yet they are not on the whole inhumanly treated, and are allowed to enjoy some of their favourite amusements. On the "night of power," in which the Koran is said to have descended from heaven, they are permitted to have a feast, a free dance, and songs; and then they forget for the hour, all thought of suffering, and are as happy as under their native shades. On certain days, too, they visit the tombs of their dead friends, burning incense over them, calling upon their names, and praying to be restored "to them and to liberty after death." They dress very gaily on holidays, and derive from such occasions an enjoyment which seems almost to compensate for the sadness of the rest of the year. Many of them are patterns of fidelity, and after a lengthened period of service will die for their masters.

But the most unhappy are those who are doomed to be sent across deserts, to be sold in distant cities, and scattered far over the earth in strange lands. Regular caravans are formed to take them across the Sahara, to the market of the coast. They are either sold or confided to the dealers, and marched in the heat of the day over the desolate wastes of sand and rock, with no alleviation to their toil except the lightness of their own hearts, and the cheer of their own songs. The train is ready—it starts; little time is given for adieus, and the links of blood, and the bonds of love, and all the dear affinities of the heart, are broken for ever! And who shall say that such pangs do not burn as deeply into the bosom of the negro, as sudden and hopeless partings—"such as break young hearts"—burn in the bosoms of the most youthful and delicate in England?

A number of camels, with a file of armed men, march with the weary cavalcade of slaves. They may be seen straggling along the brown desert, some crawling and scarcely able to move, others urged sullenly on with threats or blows. Lately, a traveller fell in with one of these melancholy caravans. It consisted of about twenty camels laden with ivory, and thirty girls, who had been seventy days on their monotonous, mournful way. Most of these poor young creatures had performed journeys on their road from their own happy villages to captivity, which would acquire for any European traveller who should perform them, an unequalled renown. Some of them had little children slung on their backs. They met an old woman who was returning free to her own country, under the protection of a party of white men. No envy filled their sad breasts. They fell upon her aged neck, weeping and kissing her, and blessing her in return for the kind wish she uttered, that the same happiness might be in store for all of them.

Away the caravan proceeds over the unmeasured desert, the camels pacing along in strings, one being tied to another, and resembling, in the distance, a moving mass of troops, especially when the mirage multiplies their long piles to the eye. A solid bed of rock constitutes the basis of the region, scattered over with fine dry sand, or blue pebbles, except when a fountain splashes amid its little green paradise, like a smile on the face of desolation. Occasionally, a vast assemblage of rocks appear on the horizon, and seems to the believing eye of the Moslem, some abandoned city of the Jinn. Then a small lake shines like a patch of silver under some palms, and some pretty red and yellow wild flowers are scattered along the track; and the wanderer, unaccustomed to beauty amid all this dreariness,

> "In barren deserts, with surprise,
> Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
> And starts amid the thirsty wilds to hear
> New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

The slaves as they march wear scarcely any clothes, and are treated as much like merchandise as it is possible for human beings to be. Three or four are often made into a "parcel"—a young woman, a young man, and two children. Their condition varies, of course, with the character of their drivers. Some are grossly and savagely used, whipped along by day, and made the toy of their masters in the camp; others are kindly treated, well fed, and permitted to ride in turns. Those with infants in their arms are behaved to with tenderness and even respect—respect, I mean, of the sort which is paid to women in this part of the earth. Generally, females are not believed to possess souls; they have no moral motives to virtue, no family or feminine pride, no liberty of the affections, and are expected to do wrong if they can. From women in such a position what can be anticipated? Sultan Ennoor, of the unexplored kingdom of Aheer, told Richardson his ideas on this subject: "The opinion of his highness of women does not flatter the ladies: he recommended us never to listen to the advice of our wives; if we did we should be lost. The women were very well to fetch water, pound ghaseb, and cook the supper, but for nothing else. He never himself paid any attention to what they said: they were awful talkers." So much for the old savage. However, women in bonds are not likely to be the best representatives of their sex.

Happy is it for the poor slave-girls on their march through the Sahara, that they have light hearts. They sing touching and plaintive songs, laden with memories of home, laden with thoughts of former joys, laden with recollections of the fields and huts where they spent their happy youth, and so they beguile their way. As soon as the place of encampment is reached, they arrange everything and light fires, first for their masters and then for themselves. The cold of the desert is bitter at night, and the wretched creatures wear little or no clothing. Their rations of food are then served to them; and too often the barley-meal and water which would be scarcely sufficient for one, is divided among ten of the famished and squalid slaves.

They may have been on foot fourteen hours; they may be still hungry, thirsty, weary; yet, as the evening deepens, they rise one by one to the dance, and trip upon the sand until the moon grows pale. They beat their uncouth drums, and the young slaves fly round, often in very modest and graceful measures, though often, too, in figures quite of another character. A peculiar, hopping step is much in practice among them, and it is by no means an uncurious circumstance that we can trace many of the favourite negro dances in America to their origin in the remote kingdoms of the Sahara. They have even preserved some of the most singular of the movements and evolutions, as well as many of the native airs, so that the spirit of Africa is breathed again among the sugar-canes and cotton fields of Alabama and Carolina. In such festivities the unhappy creatures fall into forgetfulness of their lot, and seem as though lost by an indifference, which however, only lasts while the merriment goes on. See them next morning setting out, with unwilling steps, their heads bent, their eyes downcast and dull, their faces marked with sorrow, and all the illusion of the moonlit revelry passes away, and Slavery becomes again as cheerless and desolate a thing as the Sahara itself.

And so the caravan toils along, now winding in irregular files along the plain, now crawling up a mountain, now bivouacking near a well, and on the green fields of an oasis. As it goes, some of the victims fail in strength, and sink and perish on the road. The very aged especially leave their bonds in this manner, half-way between their former dwelling-places and the termination of the journey to bondage. It seems a gratuitous cruelty on the part of the slave-hunters to disturb tottering old men and women, who have nothing left on earth but to die, and who, if they were actually brought to market, would not sell for more than *one shilling*, so feeble and useless are they. When they expire, a hole is dug, or rather scratched, in the sand, and they are thrown in, and a loose stone is placed over them. Numbers of such graves mark the four great caravan tracts, from the kingdom of the Sahara to the northern coast. Many little mounds, too, mark the resting beds of children who have died on this road; the earth is hollowed for them the moment they have ceased to breathe, even before; and no mother, no friend can ever come to visit the sacred place again. An undistinguishable hillock remains for a while upon the spot, but the desert is soon subdued to its level, and every sign of their existence is gone. —*Sharpe's Magazine for July.*

A MORNING HYMN.

The Baron von Canitz lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and was engaged in the service of the Electors of Bradenburg, both of the great Elector and his successor. He was the author of several hymns, one of which is of remarkable beauty, as may be seen in the following translation, for the greatest part of which I am indebted to the kindness of a friend; but the language of the original, in several places, cannot be adequately translated into English. —Dr. Arnold.

> Come, my soul, thou must be waking—
> Now is breaking
> O'er the earth another day:
> Come to Him who made this splendour—
> See thou render
> All thy feeble powers can pay.
>
> From the stars thy course be learning;
> Dimly burning,
> 'Neath the sun their light grows pale:
> So let all that sense delighted,
> While benighted
> From God's presence, fade and fail.
>
> Lo! how all of breath partaking,
> Gladly waking,
> Hail the sun's enlivening light!
> Plants, whose life mere sap doth nourish,
> Rise and flourish,
> When he breaks the shades of night.
>
> Thou, too, hail the light returning—
> Ready burning
> Be the incense of thy powers;
> For the night is safely ended—
> God hath tended,
> With his care, thy helpless hours.
>
> Pray that He may prosper ever
> Each endeavour,
> When thine aim is good and true:
> But that He may ever thwart thee,
> And convert thee,
> When thou evil wouldst pursue.
>
> Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
> He unfoldeth
> Every fault that lurks within;
> Every stain of shame gloss'd over,
> Can discover,
> And discern each deed of sin.
>
> Fetter'd to the fleeting hours,
> All our powers,
> Vain and brief, are borne away.
> Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
> Onward veering,
> To the gulf of death a prey.
>
> Mayst thou, then, on life's last morrow,
> Free from sorrow,
> Pass away in slumber sweet;
> And, released from death's dark sadness,
> Rise in gladness,
> That far brighter Sun to greet.
>
> Only God's free gifts abuse not,
> His light refuse not,
> But still his Spirit's voice obey;
> Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
> Splendour breathing,
> Fairer than the fairest day.
>
> If aught of care this morn oppress thee,
> To Him address thee,
> Who, like the sun, is good to all:
> He gilds the mountain tops, the while
> His gracious smile
> Will on the humblest valley fall.
>
> Round the gifts His bounty showers;
> Walls and towers,
> Girt with flames, thy God shall rear:
> Angel legions to defend thee
> Shall attend thee—
> Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY CHARTER.

On the 22d of July, 1686, one hundred and sixty-seven years ago this day, the little village of Beaverwyck, on Hudson River, became a city, as we learn from an antiquated instrument that lies before us, commencing in this wise:

"Thomas Dongan, Lieutenant and Governor of the Province of New York, and dependencies in America, under his most sacred majesty, James the Second, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, &c.; and supreme lord and proprietor of the said Province of New York and its dependencies, to all persons to whom these presents shall or may come, or in anywise concern, sendeth greeting:

"Know ye, that I the said Thomas Dongan, by virtue of the commission and authority unto me given, and power in me presiding; at the humble petition of the Justices of Peace of the said town, and for divers other good causes and considerations, me thereunto moving, have given, granted, ratified and confirmed unto the inhabitants of the said town, hereafter agreed to be called by the name or names of the Mayor, Alderman and Commonalty of the City of Albany, &c., &c.!"

(The proclamation of Governor Seymour's predecessor sounds grandiloquent enough now, when we remember that it was not a great many years afterward that his most Sacred Majesty had to run away from England, Scotland and Ireland, because he could not defend the faith there any longer; and that in less than a century it turned out that the supreme lord and proprietor of New York had only a sham title after all; though it did not happen in his Excellency Governor Dongan's time, and he was gathered to his fathers without ever being the wiser. The charter then goes on to define the city limits. Its language is as roundabout as the boundaries:)

"The said city of Albany shall henceforth extend and reach itself, and shall and may be able to reach forth and extend itself, as well in length and breadth as in circuit, on the east by Hudson's River so far as the low water mark." (We have annexed part of the river since then, by means of the pier.) "To "the south by a line to be drawn from the southern-"most end of the Pasture," (this was down in South Broadway, which was a pleasant spot of meadow land in these days, watered by a creek running down Beaver street,) "at the north end of an island "called Martin Gerritson's island, running back into "the woods sixteen English miles (!) due northwest "to a certain creek called the Sandhill." (The city has grown pretty rapidly in that direction, but it has not quite come up to the woods and the Sandhill, and the 16 English miles, yet.) "On the north to "a line to be drawn from the post that was set by "Gov. Stuyvesant near Hudson's River," (this was somewhere about the foot of Steuben street, and was intended to divide Albany from the adjoining city of the Colony, "running likewise from the points of the "said north and south lines," &c. &c.

(His Exellency then, with evident and justifiable pride, proceeds to recapitulate the numerous) "pub-"lic buildings, accommodations and conveniences—"that is to say: The Town Hall or Stadt House, "with the ground thereunto belonging;" (at the head of State street, or what was the head of it then, where the corner of Lodge street is now)—"the "Church or Meeting place with the ground about "the same." (Everybody has heard of the little old Dutch Church in the middle of State street, where Broadway crosses it. At that time the Rev. Godfredius Dellius was preaching there. The town pump was its honoured successor for many years; but pump and "meeting place" are both passed away now, and poultry wagons reign in their stead. One of the corner-stones of the Church it still visible in the pavement.) "The Burial Place, adjoining to "the Palisades at the southeast end of the town," (on the river bank. The Palisades used to run all about the town, and our worthy ancestors locked themselves safely in every night before they went to bed. We are less fortunate in these degenerate days. Palisades would not help us now. The rascals are all inside of the city, and the only way to escape them now is to go out of it ourselves.) "The "Watch House, and ground thereunto belonging;" (this watch-house was not for inside police purposes, like ours, but to keep a look out for any roving Maqueas, Cayonges, Senekas, Onnondages, Oneydes, or other indian vagabonds that happened to come down the Schenectady turnpike.) "And lastly, one "Ferry from the said town to Greenbush, situate on "the other side of Hudson's River," (consisting of a pair of flat-bottomed scows, with oars in the shape of shovels.)

The next thing is to define the "rights and privi-"leges and preheminences" of the new corporation. They are royally magnificent, and include a number of "Creeks, Kills, Coves, Ponds and Watercourses," (long since turned to dust.) And, also, the Royaltes of Fishing, Fowling, Hunting, Hawking, mines and minerals belonging and appertaining unto Albany, gold and silver mines only excepted. (N. B. The gold and silver mines remain exceptions to this day.)

"The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty have "also full and free liberty and license of Fishing in "Hudson's River, not only within the limits of the "said city, but so far northward and southward as "the river does extend itself." (So it seems that we came honestly by our sturgeon and shad.)

"Together with free liberty and licence to cut "down and carry away, out of any part of the "Manor of Rensselaerwyck, not fenced or enclosed, "such firewood and timber, for building and fencing, "as to them shall seem most meet and convenient." (It seemed meet and convenient to cut it all down, before many years were over.)

(Another "preheminence" trenched a little on the Maine Law.) "The Mayor of the said city "shall have power and authority to grant Licenses "under the public seal of the city to all tavern "keepers, ordinary keepers, victuallers, and all pub-"lic sellers of wine, strong waters, cider, beer, or "any sort of liquors by retail within the city afore-"said, for not exceeding the sum of forty shillings "current money for each license."

(But the most extraordinary provision is this:) "If any citizen that shall have been chosen to the "office of Mayor or Alderman, shall refuse or deny "to take upon him to hold or execute that office, "there shall be imposed upon him, in penalty there-"of, a fine not exceeding the sum of twenty pounds, "current money of this country." (Ah, those were halcyon days. Think of anybody's being asked now to succeed Mr. Perry, and not jumping at the chance! The primitive burghers, it seems, cared little for popular distinctions. To carry the heavy mace and seal of office had fewer charms for them than to sit and smoke the long pipe of domestic tranquility!)

(No interlopers were allowed.) "In case any person or persons whatsoever not being free citizens shall hereafter use or exercise any art, trade or mystery, or manual occupation, or sell or expose for sale any manner of wares or merchandise whatsoever by retail, it shall be lawful for the Mayor of the said city to cause such shop windows to be shut, and also to impose a fine for such offence."

(It is clear the new city had no fear of monopolies before its eyes—so long as the management of them was to be in its own hands. Not only did they claim all the interior business, but a pretty good share of exterior also.) "I do grant, ratify and confirm," says his Excellency, "unto the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of Albany, and their successors forever, the sole and only management of the trade with the Indians, as well within this whole county, as without the same to the eastward, northward, and westward thereof as far as His Majesty's dominion does or may hereafter extend, (the city that sets up this modest claim numbered some two hundred houses, more or less) and I absolutely forbid and prohibit all and every one of the inhabitants of the said province of New York, the inhabitants of the said City of Albany excepted, to trade or traffic with an Indian or Indians whatsoever in guns, powder, lead, duffels, rum and other Indian goods and merchandise, upon the pain and penalty of the confiscation and forfeiture thereof, one-third to go to the informer, and the other two-thirds to the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty, and their successors forever."

(All this trafficking could not be carried on without plenty of time to do it in, and we accordingly find that the Governor graciously adds) "that the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty aforesaid shall, and may forever hereafter, hold and keep within the said city, in every week in the year, two market-days, the one upon Wednesday and the other upon Saturday, weekly forever."

(Weekly forever, ever since, they have been held—with the occasional addition of Fridays, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and, for some purpose, Sundays in the bargain.)

Then he proceeds to lay down the law for the election of City Officers. It was an august ceremony then, managed exclusively by the public functionaries, no smaller people being allowed to interfere. "Upon the Feast Day of St. Michael, the Archangel, "yearly forever, the Lieutenant-Governor or Com-"mander-in-Chief, by and with the advice of his "Council, shall nominate and appoint such a person "as he shall think fit to be Mayor of the said City, "and one other person of sufficient ability in estate, "and capacity in understanding, to be Sheriff of the "said City, and such persons as shall be assigned, "named and appointed, shall, on the 14th day of "October, then next following, in the Stadt House, "take the several and respective corporal oaths, be-"fore the Recorder, Aldermen and Assistant, (or be "fined twenty pounds current money.")

In pursuance of this plan, the Charter goes to constitute Peter Schuyler, Mayor of the said city; Isaac Swinton, Recorder; Robert Livingston, Town Clerk, and Jan Jans Bleecker, David Schuyler, Johannis Wendel, Dirk Wessels, Lavinus Van Schaick, and Adrian Garritse, present Aldermen, and Joachim Staats, John Lansing, Isaac Verplank, Lawrence Van Ale, Albert Ryckman, and Melgert Winantse, to be their present Assistants. Mayor and Aldermen, and Clerk, and Governor, and even Sacred Majesty—the whole of the long line of honoured names—have been written on tombstones so long, that the marble has crumbled into dust, and is undistinguishable even from the dust of the "commonalty."

But a deed is nothing without its consideration, and Gov. Dongan did not sell all his bargain for nothing. It is but justice to him to add, however, that he sold it remarkably cheap. Here is the agreement:

"To have and to hold all and singular the premises, the said City of Albany, and their successors forever, rendering and paying therefor unto his most sacred Majesty, his heirs, successors, and assigns, or to such officer or receiver as shall be appointed to receive the same, yearly, forever hereafter, the annual quit rent of One Beaver Skin, in Albany, on the five and twentieth day of March, yearly forever!"

If his Excellency could be revived from his long sleep, by some supernatural influence, and permitted to land from the steamer Isaac Newton at the foot of Broadway, and to walk up through the whilome "Pasture" with its five story brick warehouses, gas lamps, pavements, its crowds of citizens, and carts, and carriages, and so on up to the ruins of the old Fort Willemstadt, and, climbing upon the roof of one of the modern edifices that have taken its place, look off toward Arbor Hill and East Albany, and the past away Colonie, and the forgotten Woods, all swarming with life and bustle and motion—would not his Excellency be disposed to think there had been a rise in the price of beaver skins? And what would be his official astonishment, indignation and chagrin, should he be told that even this trifling quit-claim was never paid—that the whole city and community, Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, had turned out to be Anti-Renters, and would remain so, now and henceforth, yearly forever!—*From The Albany Evening Journal.*

TALENT AND GENIUS.

"*Talent* and *genius* are in no one point allied to each other, except generically—that both express modes of intellectual power. But the kinds of power are not merely different, they are in polar opposition to each other. *Talent* is intellectuall power of every kind, which acts and manifests itself by and through the *will*, and the *active* forces. *Genius*, as the verbal origin implies, is that much rarer species of intellectual power which is derived from the *genial* nature—from the spirit of suffering and enjoying—from the spirit of pleasure and pain, as organized more or less perfectly; and this is independent of the will. It is a function of the *passive* nature. Talent is conversant with the adaptation of means to ends. But genius is conversant only with ends. Talent has no sort of connexion, not the most remote or shadowy, with the *moral* nature or temperament—genius is steeped and saturated with this moral nature.

"This was written twenty years ago. Now (1853), when revising it, I am tempted to add three brief annotations:

"1st. It scandalizes me that, in the occasional comments upon this distinction which have reached my eye, no attention should have been paid to the profound suggestions as to the radix of what is meant by *genius* latent in the word *genial*. For instance, in a recent work entitled *Poetics*, by Mr. Dallas, there is not the slightest notice taken of this subtle indication and leading towards the truth. Yet surely *that* is hardly philosophic. For could Mr. Dallas suppose that the idea involved in the word *genial* had no connexion, or none but an accidental one, with the idea involved in the word *genius*? It is clear that from the Roman conception (whencesoever emanating) of the natal Genius, as the secret and central representative of what is most characteristic and individual in the nature of every human being, are derived alike the notion of the *genial* and our modern notion of *genius* as contra-distinguished from *talent*.

"2nd. As another broad character of distinction between *genius* and *talent*, I would observe—that *genius* differentiates a man from all other men; whereas *talent* is the same in one man as in another: that is, where it exists at all, it is the mere echo and reflex of the same talent, as seen in thousands of other men, differing only by more and less, but not at all in quality. In genius, on the contrary, no two men were ever duplicates of each other.

"3rd. All talent, in whatsoever class, reveals itself as an effort—as a counteraction to an opposing difficulty or hindrance; whereas genius universally moves in headlong sympathy and concurrence with spontaneous power. Talent works universally by intense resistance to an antagonist force; whereas genius works under a rapture of necessity and spontaneity."—*De Quincey*

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

> Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
> Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
> Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
> And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
> Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
> Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
> The green of the trees look greener than ever,
> And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever."

II.

> I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
> Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
> I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
> I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
> Oh! your steps like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
> Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour;
> I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
> Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

III.

> We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
> We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
> We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
> Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
> Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
> And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
> Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
> As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

> So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
> Come when you're looked for or come without warning,
> Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
> And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
> Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
> Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
> The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
> And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever!"

MULATTO LITERATURE.

The empire of literature is gradually extending. The printing-press, like civilization, is making the tour of the world; and even in imperial Hayti, among a population of negroes, literature is becoming a power for good, if not also for evil.

At the time when the negroes of Hayti revolted against France, elementary instruction in the French language had made some progress in the island. Schools and churches had been founded; the negroes spoke in broken French, many of them could read, and they mostly worshipped in Catholic churches. Still, the literary classes were greatly in the minority, for the bulk of the population were illiterate slaves when the rebellion broke out which finally severed their connection with France.

During the height and fever of the rebellion, everything French was hated and denounced—French books, French churches, French monuments, and French men. Such of the latter as were not killed were banished the island, after which the blacks governed themselves—first under a black president, and, as now, under a black emperor. On the massacre of the last French colonists, Dessalines, the future emperor, was asked "What was to be done with the French libraries?" "We have no need of them," was his reply, "except for gun-wadding." And by his orders, the company of grenadiers, who went from house to house in Port-au-Prince, tore to pieces and threw into the street all the books they could discover.

Not content with suppressing the "paper speech," as he called it, Dessalines resolved also to put down the schools, in which he had succeeded to some extent before his sudden and violent death. Nevertheless, the germs of literature, however imperfectly, had been planted in Hayti, and when the population had time to settle down to peaceful pursuits, and their hatred of the French became assuaged, they turned to literature as a necessity. The president, Petion, encouraged letters, and restored some of the schools; but the ban being still upon all French colonists, no professors could be obtained to fill the seats in the university, and the progress of learning was therefore very slow. The more intelligent part of the former free blacks and mulattoes of the island having gradually betaken themselves to the towns, there to engage in commercial pursuits, found themselves gradually drawn together; and many of them united in clubs, especially in Masonic lodges, which latter re-unions soon became the nuclei of the literature and learning of Hayti. These lodges were schools of mutual help, as well as social gatherings, at which each member endeavoured to contribute his quota of entertainment in the form of dissertations, toasts, fables, dramatic essays, songs, and funeral orations. Petion also patronized the public journals, assisting the proprietors with presses and paper; and these, together with the establishment of theatres, the throwing open of the senate houses, the public right of petition, triennial electoral meetings, and above all civic festivities, which were and still are the occasion of numerous speechifyings, presented additional opportunities for the growth of the infant literature of Hayti.

At an early period in Haytian literary history the need of a grammar was felt, and the then director of the national printing-office, Chaulatte, undertook the task. The French grammars had all been torn to pieces, but he compiled one, not without many faults, from memory. This answered its purpose very well, until the re-establishment of pacific and commercial relations with France, in 1823, re-introduced French books, and gave a new impulse to education in the island.

The present native literature is not extensive, but it is growing. Truth to say, it is chiefly of a very light description, fitted rather for amusement than for high culture. The negro is a pleasure-loving being, of warm blood; and the mulatto is his brother, differing from him mainly in a lighter-coloured skin, for French blood runs in the veins of the mulattoes of Hayti. And the French-Haytian mulatto, sprung from two volatile sources, is an embodiment of volatility, the like of which perhaps few countries can exhibit. Hence the gay literature of Hayti which is but a reflex of its people.

First and foremost come drama and comedy. The theatre is the leading amusement of the Haytians, and many of the negroes have a strong love of acting, as well as an extraordinary talent for it, the negro being essentially imitative. Even in the time of Dessalines, the boys at Port-au-Prince used to compose and play little melo-dramas, which had for their subject the principal episodes in the expedition of the French general, Leclerc. All that we know of these essays now is, that they were furiously applauded. One little circumstance is still remembered—that the head of the French colonel, Frère, a character in one of the dramas, was decorated with an enormous hairy cap, on which might be read in large red letters—"Hayti, the grave of Frenchmen."

Since then, a really great actor has appeared in Hayti—Dupré—and he has also exhibited eminent qualities as a poet and a dramatic writer. He wrote some light dramas, which were played, himself being the principle actor, with immense success; but having been killed in a duel, and the manuscripts being in the possession of his widow, she refuses to deliver them up for publication, through superstitious caprice of conjugal piety. These plays of Dupré were thoroughly Haytian, and strikingly illustrative of the manners, opinions, habits, and character of his countrymen. They were chiefly illustrative of the Slavery period of the island, before the advent of "liberty." Dupré has been called the Haytian Molière, and the effects produced by the acting of his plays are said to have justified the simile. Many of Dupré's satires, songs, and poems in French, are still preserved, and they possess extraordinary pith and vigour.

Dupré flourished under Petion's presidency—when Christophe reigned in the eastern and Petion in the western part of the island. Under the presidency of Boyer, who succeeded Petion, some eleven native dramatists made their appearance, and some of their specimens are to be found in the *Haytian Bee* (*l'Abeille Haitienne*), a Port-au-Prince newspaper. The treatment of subjects is clever, though the morality would not be considered very pure in Europe; for, in Hayti, brothers do not hesitate to marry sisters by the connivance of "the church," and many of the most favourite Haytian dramas have for their themes love-passages of this sort. M. Milscent, a man of colour educated in France, is the author of several pieces of this description.

But not only have the Haytians theatres and theatrical entertainments; they also established *an opera*, and a *royal* academy of music. What, do you think, was the original strength of the orchestra of the Royal Academy? Two violins, two clarinets, two flutes, two horns, and a bassoon. This formed the royal court band of Christophe. He also possessed a composer of music, M. Cassian, a Haytian, who produced some comic operas, which were played before their "majesties." Christophe had also a considerable staff of amateur theatrical performers about the court: they consisted of thirty amateurs and twenty *amatrices* (as the royal Almanac of Hayti duly announced), and also seven ladies of the ballet—all black. But Christophe having committed suicide in 1820, the royal opera for some time languished, though we have heard that the present emperor has revived it in full force. At the present time, Port-au-Prince supports three theatres, the *Haytian* theatre, the *Theatre des Varietes*, and the *Ambigu*. In one of these, the orchestra consists chiefly of *drums*, and the musical accompaniment to the songs may therefore be imagined better than described. The audiences also take a considerable part in the performances; and are constantly ejaculating with loud voices in the course of the play—so the Haytian drama, though remarkably amusing, would not probably command the respect of a *recherche* audience on this side the Atlantic. But it amuses the Haytians, and thus serves its purpose.

The newspapers of Hayti exhibit more satisfactory progress. At their commencement, they were very bombastic, lauding their black emperor as if he had been a very god; rivalling in this respect the most toadying court newspapers of old Europe. There was the greater excuse for this on the part of the Haytian gentlemen of the press, as, but for the patronage and support of the Haytian monarch, they could not have survived the early stages of their being. But within the last twenty years, the Haytian newspapers have exhibited a steady improvement; they are much more independent in their tone of opinion, and they contain many articles and critiques, with sketches of local manners and character, which enable them to stand a comparison with the journals of many of the more civilized of European countries. Two of the longest established journals of Port-au-Prince, the *Republican* and the *Union*, have published sketches of local manners, and tales of Haytian life, which would even bear reprinting in our *Parlour* and *Railway Libraries*. Ignoce Nau is one of the cleverest of the negro novelists, and his tales of negro sorcery (in which negroes are generally profound believers—at least those of Hayti) possess great originality and power. Besides the journals above mentioned, there are three others published at Port-au-Prince, the *Revue des Tribunaux*, the *Moniteur*, and the *Commercial Journal*. The *Moniteur* is the organ of the government, and some of the others are opposition papers. Indeed, several of the editors have "suffered" like their white brethren in Paris, because of their occasional severely satiric criticisms of the government measures. These papers, like our own, are often full of long reports of speeches delivered by Haytian orators, not less turgid than the speeches of our own Chowlers. About the time of the civic festivals there is a grievous flux of negro rhetoric, just as there is here at the time of our elections.

The advocate, Mullery, who is the editor of *Revue des Tribunaux*, has proved a serious thorn in the side of the ruling powers; by the vein of satire in which he treats of their doings. Among other things he deplores the want of dignity in the proceedings of the Haytian law courts, and he tries to shame the judges and people out of their coarse and clumsy modes of procedure by satiric descriptions and comic dialogues. Here, for example, is his sketch of the High Court of Hayti, at the decisive moment, in a trial for conspiracy:

"Here the judges sit sleeping on the bench, there the defendants asleep at the bar; on one side the accused sleep on their form, on the other side the registrars of the court snore at their desk; all round, the sentinels are asleep, with arms in their hands; but the president of the court exhibits an extraordinary force of character; he alone, always on the fidgets, is enabled to subdue sleep; for he is allowed so much extra, because of the additional work which he performs in rousing up the sleeping judges. The vice-president and the military accuser of the prisoners at the bar yield themselves only occasionally to a pleasant nap; the military officers on duty walk round the court from time to time, startling and wakening up the sleeping sentinels with strokes given with the flat of their sabres.

"In the midst of all this sleep the sound of a tambourine is heard outside, accompanying a number of singers passing along the street. Immediately the audience is thoroughly wakened up; the president of the jury bolts into the street to see the fun, and the heads of the Supreme Court are precipitately drawn out at the windows!" Such is the journalist's description of a Haytian court.

We might proceed to give specimens of Haytian poetry, which is by no means to be despised, though it often sounds very like the echoes of Lamartine or Victor Hugo. Hayti has also already produced several historians, the most industrious of whom is Madiou; his three large volumes of the *History of Hayti* published at Port-au-Prince, form at least an excellent collection of materials, though the book is wanting in balance and proportion. L'Instant has also furnished some admirable contributions towards the history of the island; and he has proved his literary merit by having carried off the prize awarded by the French Society for his essay on the Abolition of Slavery.

Such is a brief outline of the literary state and progress of the negro or mulatto empire of Hayti. The result is certainly cheering, and proves that notwithstanding the enormous disadvantages which the blacks of that island have laboured under, springing suddenly as they have done from Slavery into full freedom, they have, during the last fifty years, made decided and even rapid progress in intellectual culture.—*From Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Mrs. Magnall's Historical Questions *(as they should be written for Young Ladies)*.—A history of England for young ladies remains yet to be written. The usual ingredients of a reign cannot be interesting to the youthful female mind. Battles, with the number of killed and wounded; party feuds, with the names of the ministers who succeed one another in place; the slow march of public events, and the men who march slowly with them; the eternal round of diplomatic and political relations—which, as they never marry, are the last relations a lady cares for; these, we say, are not exactly the subjects that would engage the sympathies or the intention of a young girl. What romance, what possible interest is there in any one of them? No! we would change all that, and have our English history written in style popular, easy, and graceful, and alluding only to such subjects as ladies understand, or can best appreciate.

Our proposal, however, will be at once apparent by the nature of the following questions, which we have extracted from a history supposed to be written according to our sensible plan:

Historical questions for Ladies (Taken principally from the reign of Queen Victoria).—What do you mean by the "Crush-room of the Opera;" and why is it so called?

When did *gigot* sleeves get out of fashion, and did such sleeves have anything to do with the popular French phrase of "*Revenons a nos Moutons?*"

What do you mean by "Crochet Work?" and can you set the pattern for ladies of "How to make a purse for your brother?"

Who edited the "Book of Beauty?" and mention a few of the aristocratic names whose portraits have had the honour of appearing in its splendid pages.

Can you describe the habits and haunts of the "Swedish Nightingale?" and can you mention the highest note it ever reached, and also why it sang in a Haymarket?

State the name of the "Bohemian nobleman" who first brought over the Polka to England.

In what year of Victoria's reign was the celebrated *Bal Costume* given at Buckingham Palace? and describe the dress that Her Majesty wore on that interesting occasion.

Give the names of the principal singers who distinguished themselves at the two Italian operas during the rival administration of Gye and Lumley, and describe the nature of the feud that existed between these two great men.

Give a description of "Pop goes the weasel," and state all you know about the "weasel," and what was the origin of his going "Pop."

Who succeeded Wigan in the *Corsican Brothers?*

Mention the names of the principal watering places, and say which was considered the more fashionable of the two—Margate or Gravesend?

When did flounces come into fashion, and state the lowest and highest number a lady could wear?

Describe the position of Chiswick—and give a short account of its gardens, and the *fetes* that were held there every year.

What were the duties of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and in what respect did they differ from the Maids of Honour at Richmond?

Mention the names of the most delicious novels that were published between the years 1840 and 1853, and name the character and scene that pleased you the most.

Whose gloves do you consider were the best?

What was the last elopement that created any sensation at Gretna Green?

State who was Jullien? also, whether he had anything to do with the soup that bears his celebrated name?—[*Punch*